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SATURDAY JULY 28, 1923.

One Penny.

AFTER REMAND BOAM WINS NEW LEEDS M.P.



Referred to by Mr. Muskett, prosecuting on behalf of the Commissioner of Police, as "Lady Diana Hamilton," and charged with having been drunk and incapable in a motor car in Regent-street, London. Leaving police court after being remanded.

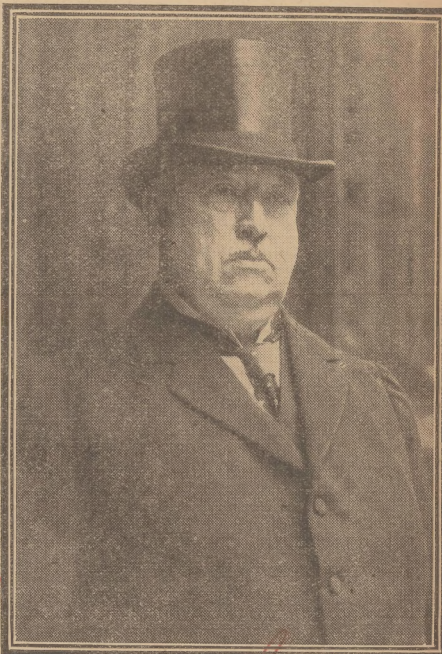


Michael Beary, the defendant jockey, against whom judgment was given.



Mr. Herbert Smyth, of Epsom, who gave evidence as to value of Ironore.

The "Owner v. Jockey" case concluded yesterday with a judgment against the jockey, 300 guineas damages being awarded to Mr. H. T. Boam. No other case of a similar character is on record.



Sir Charles Wilson, who has won Central Leeds in the Conservative interest by 1,726 majority over the Labour candidate, Mr. H. H. Slessor. The Liberal candidate only polled 3,026 out of a total of 27,470 votes.

—IN CRICKET MATCH FOR HOSPITAL FUNDS AT RICHMOND

RICHMOND TEAM AND M.P. VISITORS—



The Mayor of Richmond, Mr. H. Becker, M.P., and Mr. Jowitt, M.P.

At the cricket match in aid of the Richmond Royal Hospital between teams representing the Richmond district and the House of Commons respectively. Viscount Curzon and



Viscount Curzon discussing strategy and tactics before the encounter of his team with M.P. representatives.

Mr. Harry Becker, M.P., were the captains. A bat autographed by members of the Cabinet and a number of M.P.s was raffled during the proceedings.—(Daily Mirror)

£315 DAMAGES AGAINST JOCKEY.

Owner Wins Lawsuit Over Racehorse's Death.

BEARY'S STORY.

'The Outside Horses Crowded Me on to Ironore.'

Mr. Henry J. Boam, the racehorse owner, won his case yesterday against Michael Beary, the Irish jockey, and was awarded 300 guineas damages for the loss of Ironore, which, he said, was killed through Beary's negligent riding.

After the race, the Fulwell Selling Plate, at Kempton Park on May 11, P. Lane, Ironore's jockey, lodged a complaint against Beary, and the Stewards of the Jockey Club suspended Beary for three months.

Beary, telling his version of the race in the witness-box yesterday, said: "The horses on the outside crowded on to me, nearly bringing my horse down, and forced me to the horse on the inside."

Beary admitted having been before the Stewards several times, and said he had been fined for breaking tapes and cautioned for crossing and boring.

CAUTIONS AND FINES.

Beary Admits Going Before the Stewards on Several Occasions.

Michael Beary then gave his version of the race. He said he was rejected for the Army during the war.

Mr. Justice Darling: Was he rejected for the cavalry?

In Ireland, Beary said, he rode in all the important races; then he came to England in 1922. He was third in the list of winning jockeys in England last year, having seventy-three winners.

Beary, answering Mr. Hastings, said he had been before the Stewards on several occasions. At Newcastle he was fined £5 for breaking the tapes; at Goodwood he was cautioned for crossing; at Manchester he was fined £5 for breaking the tapes; and at Liverpool he was cautioned for boring.

He had been up before the Stewards in Ireland, but afterwards he rode for the Stewards there.

Mr. Hastings: Have you ever tried not to win?—I have never tried not to win. I have been suspended for not taking part in a race.

Describing the race for the Fulwell Plate, Beary said his horse was favourite. "After a furlong, I was lying second from the rails. There were three horses on the outside of me on my left. The horse on the outside crowded on to me, nearly bringing my horse down, and forced me to the horse on the inside, which was Lane's mount, Ironore. As Ironore was dropping back, I was forced on to the rails."

His horse was nearly down, and he was trying to hold him up.

"MERELY A PASSENGER."

Mr. Hastings: Could you prevent being pushed on to the rails?—I was merely a passenger. My horse was nearly down.

Was it Ingham's fault he was pushed on to you?—The horses on the outside were crowded on to him, and he was crowded on to me. Crowding at the corners often happened.

He had had his own horse brought down several times, and he had had his collarbone broken.

Mr. Hastings: Was anyone to blame for the Fulwell race incident?—No, I do not blame anyone. So far as the Stewards of Kempton Park were concerned, said Beary, he was content to abide by their rule. He got no notice of the inquiry, but he heard the evening before there was to be one. He made no complaint against the Stewards at Newmarket.

In reply to Mr. Lewis Thomas, Beary said he started racing in Ireland in 1914. He agreed that while racing at the Curragh in 1917 he was reported for breaking through the tapes.

Mr. Thomas: That means trying to start before the start?—Sometimes a horse will rush through the tapes.

And if you keep on doing it you get cautioned, and if you don't obey the caution, you are reported?—Yes.

In August, 1917, did the starter at Limerick Junction report you for breaking through the tapes on several occasions?—That's right, in Ireland. I may say, horses don't start as they do in this country. They start on the move and not from a standing start.

Did the Stewards suspend you from the rest of the meeting?—Yes.

Did they report you to the Stewards of the Jockey Club in Ireland?—It is the Turf Club in Ireland. If you have it there, they did.

And did the Club withdraw your licence to ride?—They did at Leopardstown in June, 1917.

—I did.

Were you complained against for bumping and boring?—I was.

And suspended?—I was.

(Continued on page 15.)

THE BEAUTY NUMBER

Pictures of "Daily Mirror" Prizewinners on Monday.

\$500 SECRET.

Public curiosity as to the identity of the three entrants in *The Daily Mirror* £2,500 Beauty Competition who have been chosen by the votes of readers as the "beauties of 1923" grows daily in keenness.

The secret will be out on Monday, when *The Daily Mirror* will publish the special Number containing many new photographic studies, taken by Bertram Park and Marcus Adams, of the winners of the big cash prizes.

Hundreds of thousands of readers took part in the final voting, and they are naturally anxious to learn who has won the £500 prize offered for the nearest forecast of the result of the voting. A photograph of the winning coupon in Monday's Beauty Number will disclose the secret.

Readers who wish to make certain of securing a copy of this interesting issue should ask their newsgasmen to-day to reserve a copy for them. Otherwise they may be disappointed.

LADY DIANA HAMILTON.

Charge of Drunkenness in West End Adjudged for Legal Aid.

A further adjournment was ordered at Marlborough-street yesterday in the case in which Louis Contamin, of Wingate-road, Hammer-smith, was charged with being drunk while in charge of a motor-car, dangerous driving and assaulting a policeman; and Diana Hamilton (twenty-five), of Midhurst (Sussex) was charged with being drunk and incapable at the same time in Regent-street on Wednesday night.

Referring to the woman, Mr. Musket (for the police) described her as "Lady Diana Hamilton." She was wearing a brown costume with brown straw hat.

Asked by the magistrate (Mr. Mead) if she would like the case adjourned for a solicitor to appear for her, she replied: "Yes, I should rather like that."

Mr. Mead: Very well, you will be remanded till August 9 in your own recognisances in the sum of £10.

Messrs. Willis and Willis, solicitors, of 59, Chancery-lane, W.C.2, state that Mrs. Susan Vane, whose stage name is Diana Hamilton, is not the woman charged.

SHOTS AT TRAIN.

Engine Also Runs Over Something in Mysterious Affair Near Woods.

A mysterious affair on the South-Eastern Railway was being investigated yesterday. On the arrival the previous night of a Charing Cross train at Bexley, the driver reported that five shots had been fired at him when the train was passing the public level crossing between Sidcup and Bexley.

At the same time, he said, the engine had run over something.

Bexley stationmaster and the police made an examination of the line, but failed to find anything. Several passengers also heard shots.

The crossing is bordered on each side by woods.

ACCUSED MAN'S DEATH.

Sudden End of Prisoner Twice Tried for Woman's Murder.

After having been twice tried for the murder of Ada Kerr, a young married woman, in Whitton Woods, near Hounslow, Henry Griffin had suddenly in Brixton Prison from heart failure.

Griffin was twice tried upon the charge of murder at the Central Criminal Court, but on each occasion the jury were unable to agree upon a verdict and were discharged. He was detained at Brixton pending the decision of the authorities as to what course would be adopted.

In the witness-box Griffin, who was suffering from the effects of a wound in his throat, stated that while he was walking with the woman Kerr he became ill and remembered nothing more until he regained consciousness and found that he had a wound in his throat.

£25,000 PRIZE.

Rush for Tickets in Sweepstake—Over 100,000 Sold.

Considerably over 100,000 tickets have been sold in the Cambridgeshire sweepstake promoted by Todmorden (Yorkshire) Conservative Club.

Applications for tickets are still coming in from all parts of the country.

The gross revenue already obtained secures that the first prize will be at least £25,000.

The club will take 8 per cent. of the proceeds and 2 per cent. will be paid to charities.

LAST THOUGHT FOR OTHERS.

"It was all my own fault. The conductor tried to stop me," said Mrs. Charlotte Clayton, wife of a Hampstead doctor, who was fatally hurt in alighting from a bus in motion at Rottingdean. Accidental death was the inquest verdict.

GOLDEN SNUFF-BOXES

Wonderful Collection Put Up for Sale at Christie's.

STUDED WITH DIAMONDS

Forty-two snuff-boxes of magnificent workmanship and exquisite beauty were offered for sale yesterday at Christie's. They were the property of Carl Michael Duke of Mecklenburg, who inherited them from his father, George Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who died in 1864.

Most of them were presents from members of the Russian Royal Family, given on the late duke's birthday, January 11, and among them was one so dainty in sheer beauty of construction and design that it might be worth a fortune to a collector.

It was described in the catalogue as "a Louis XV. oblong gold snuff-box," and the lid was finely chased with views of a palace outlined in diamonds.

Another golden box of oval shape, made by Jean Baptiste Ronache in 1778, was inlaid with panels of opalescent enamel.

The sides and base were painted with landscapes and the borders decorated with foliage in red and green enamel.

Yet another dainty box, which was probably used with magnificent gestures by slim royal hands beneath lace sleeves, was made of brilliant green jasper.

This, also of the Louis XV. period, was studded with diamonds and carved with shells and scroll work.

It was presented by "their Imperial Russian Majesties to the duke on the 11th of January, 1860."

The other—probably the first of the collection which excited the owner's interest in snuff-boxes—was a wedding present from the Grand Duchess Marie von Mecklenburg-Strelitz to her husband in 1817.

It was made of gold in oblong shape, bearing engravings of military trophies and chariots.

From an historical point of view, it was probably the most valuable in the collection.

The whole collection realised a total sum of £10,000.

DANGEROUS "REST."

Motor-Cyclist Fined for Riding Without Holding Handle-Bars.

When Frank Allen Henry, summoned at Holbeach (Lines) Police Court for riding a motorcycle in a manner dangerous to the public, it was stated he rode it at a speed of eighteen miles per hour with his arms folded.

The defendant did not appear, but wrote from Redhill (Surrey) admitting that he was riding at a speed of sixteen miles per hour without holding the handle-bars.

He added that he "was feeling tired and did it for a rest." He was fined £2.

TAXI-DRIVER SENTENCED

Twelve Months for Manslaughter—Judge on Street Traffic Disorders.

"This is one of the very worst cases of manslaughter of its kind that I have ever been called upon to deal with."

So said Mr. Justice Salter at the Old Bailey yesterday, in sentencing John William Driscoll, a thirty-year-old taxi-driver, to twelve months' imprisonment for the manslaughter of Charles Jackson, who was knocked down by a taxicab while wheeling a barrow along New Kent-road.

Driscoll denied that it was his cab which caused the accident, but the Judge said that if Driscoll had been suffered to escape without punishment after killing Jackson, there would be but little hope for the safety of foot passengers in London.

8 YEARS FOR THEFTS.

Sentences in Stolen Gainsboroughs Case—Hard Labour for Receivers.

Sentences in what has become known as the stolen Gainsboroughs case were passed at the Old Bailey yesterday.

George Smithson, traveller, was sentenced to eight years' penal servitude, the sentence to run concurrently with a sentence of six years' penal servitude passed upon him in Scotland. George Ingram was sentenced to six years' penal servitude.

The three men who were charged only with receiving were dealt with as follows:—James Rogers, eighteen months' hard labour; Cecil Ben Lathin, twelve months' hard labour; Arthur Randall, bound over.

The articles stolen from four houses included two Gainsboroughs, cut from their frames at Mr. Sutton's house at Newbury; panel portraits, miniatures, snuff-boxes and other antiques, the whole being valued at over £5,000.

Smithson it was stated, had confessed to thirty-six burglaries.

GIRL WOUNDED WHILE CYCLING.

When Thomas Harold Howsam (twenty) was sent for trial at Doncaster yesterday on the charge of attempting to murder Kathleen Barker, it was stated that he pulled the girl from her bicycle and stabbed her three times. He had fits while in custody and attempted to commit suicide. It was suggested that he was suffering from epileptic insanity.

WHEN LOVE AND PARENTS CLASH.

Miss Madge Titheradge on Modern Daughters.

'A LAW TO HERSELF.'

Girls Should Confide in Mothers Regarding Lovers.

Do parents act wisely by interfering in their children's love affairs?

Every post brings to *The Daily Mirror* a variety of opinions on this question.

One man, who has been happily married for years, writes to say he married in the teeth of the opposition of his mother and his mother-in-law to be.

Miss Madge Titheradge, the actress, says she thinks the children of to-day do not care much for the opinions of their parents.

ROGUE—OR CAVALIER?

What Wise Eyes of Parents Sometimes See—Girl's Bitter Experience.

Miss Madge Titheradge, the well-known actress, now appearing in "Bluebell's Eighth Wife," told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that she was afraid the children of to-day did not care much about the opinions of their parents.

"A daughter, so far as my experience goes, seems to resent her mother's interference to prevent an engagement with a man of whom she does not approve."

She simply takes the law into her own hands, leaves home, and gets married."

"She may or may not be right. But if I were a daughter in such circumstances I would take my mother into my confidence."

"Then, if I were the mother, and I did not approve of my girl's choice, I would use all my influence to prevent the marriage, but it would have to be done with the utmost tact."

"I think it is the mother's influence that counts the more, both with the boy and the girl."

But if both parents encouraged a greater feeling of camaraderie between themselves and their children it might be the means of preventing many unhappy marriages."

"BROWN SUGAR'S" STORY.

A girl, who signs herself "Brown Sugar," relates how her fiancé's people have tried to separate them.

"First I was too young—he was twenty-eight and I was twenty. I was not allowed in his house until we had been engaged four years."

"He is constantly asking me to marry, but how can we with family trouble of this kind?"

"In the end I suppose it will mean a broken courtship, and no doubt I am not the only target for a mother and sister."

"Happily Married," on the other hand, agrees that parents should not choose a partner for a son or daughter, but they should tactfully intervene if a lover is really unsuitable.

"I have never regretted," she writes, "that my parents warned me of a former lover—a young professional man—who had no money and no prospects of being able to get married for several years."

"Parents, even if they cannot choose, should certainly be allowed to approve of lovers," writes "Approval," "before any definite engagement is entered upon."

"The young are often unwise, and a parent's eyes may detect the rogue, where the girl sees only a dashing cavalier."

GAOL FOR DIRECTOR.

Drunk While Driving Car Which Collided with Tram.

Sentence of three weeks' imprisonment in the second division was passed yesterday at Old-street on William Symmonds, a director, of 114, Dulwich Village, S.E., for being drunk while in charge of a motor-car at Bethnal Green.

It was stated by a constable that there was a collision between a tram and the car driven by Symmonds. Notice of appeal was given.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Weather Forecast.—Alternating periods of fair and unsettled weather; moderate temperature. Lightning on Sunday, 2.55 p.m.

Farm Scourge.—Foot-and-mouth disease has occurred at Park Farm, East Worthingham, Hants.

Brewery Fumes.—Three men, overcome by fumes from a vat at a Southsea brewery, were found unconscious.

Danish scouts will visit the Chislehurst caves and Knole Park to-day, and on Monday will be received by Queen Alexandra at Bethnal Green.

Sovereign in a Tomato.—His Peat, of Old Cornforth, Durham, found a sovereign embedded in a tomato he had bought.

Sewing at 100.—Mrs. Mary Winton, of the Holgate Workhouse, Middlesbrough, who was 100 yesterday, still does excellent needlework.

Tailor's Bill of Rent.—"Just as you pay a tax on the bill occasionally, so you ought to pay your rent."—Judge Parritt at Clerkenwell.

Cadet Killed.—A cadet in the training cruiser Cataluna, the son of the Marquis Sanadrian, was fatally shot when examining a revolver, says a Madrid wire.—Reuter.

BY-ELECTION DEMAND THAT GERMANY MUST PAY

Central Leeds Won By Conservative Who Says Britain Should Support France.

ALLIES' REPLY TO GOVERNMENT TO-MORROW

Cessation of Resistance and Conditions for Ruhr Evacuation as Vital Issues in Negotiations.

With the reparations negotiations entering upon a vital phase, the result of the Central Leeds by-election is a clear instruction to the British Government to support France and Belgium in making the Germans pay.

Sir Charles Wilson, who retained the Conservative seat by a majority of 1726, is a staunch advocate of the French policy. He urged all through the election that Britain should stand by M. Poincaré in putting an end to German evasions and trickery. "Make them pay" was the slogan with which he headed the poll. Replies of France and Belgium to Britain's proposed answer to the last German offer are expected at 10, Downing-street to-morrow. Conciliation is their keynote, and the way will be left clear for conversations to continue.

Cessation of German resistance and evacuation of the Ruhr in proportion to Berlin payments are the important issues. Belgium, particularly, is sanguine of eventual agreement.

SIR CHARLES WILSON'S PREMIER ON THE FALLACY OF SOCIALISM.

"Stop Berlin Trickery" Call Endorsed by Voters.

FRENCH POLICY SUREST WAY. PERIL OF STATE CONTROL.

Declared yesterday, the result of the by-election in Central Leeds marks a definite interpretation of the nation's desire that Britain should support France in regard to reparations policy.

The result was:—

Sir C. Wilson (C.)	13,085
H. H. Slesser (Lab.)	11,359
G. Stone (L.)	3,026

C. Majority over Lab. ... 1,726

[Figures at the General Election were: A. W. Willey (U.), 14,137; H. H. Slesser (Lab.), 7,844; R. Armitage (Nat. Lib.), 6,250.]

Sir Charles Wilson, the new M.P., made the slogan, "Make the Germans Pay," the dominant item in his electioneering policy.

He reiterated again and again the necessity of endorsing the plan of action adopted by France to bring the Berlin tricksters to heel and stop once and for all the evasion of payments due to the Allies for war damage and devastation.

"The time has come," he said—and the verdict of the electors has emphasised his words—"when we should stand by France in making the Germans pay."

"I ask anyone who says Germany cannot pay to tell me how Germany is building new factories and where the Germans are getting the money for their secret stores of arms and munitions."

ALLIES' REPLY TO-MORROW.

Optimism Growing in Belgium That Agreement Will Be Reached.

The British Government have been informed, says Reuter, that the French and Belgian replies to the British Note on reparations will be in the hands of the Foreign Office by to-morrow at the latest.

"There is no point in concealing," says the *Petit Parisien*, "that the attitude adopted by M. Poincaré, M. Theunis and M. Jaspard regarding the cessation of passive resistance and the progressive evacuation of the Ruhr in proportion to the payments made will be difficult to reconcile with what the British Government desires in order to make a joint reply to the Reich possible."

But the general tone of the French and Belgian Notes, and their evident desire for conciliation, will certainly permit of negotiations being continued in the same friendly spirit."

While agreement on the principal lines of the replies has been reached between France and Belgium, it would be premature, says an Exchange message from Brussels, to announce complete agreement.

Many points, especially in reference to the technical aspects of the reparations problem, remain to be settled.

In official circles, however, it is felt that complete agreement cannot be long delayed, and growing optimism is shown as to the probable outcome of inter-Allied negotiations generally.

Marks Nearly 5,000,000 to £.—German marks were quoted in London yesterday at the amazing figure of 4,900,000 to the £. Chaotic scenes are occurring in the Berlin food markets, says Reuter, and the Government have been warned that, "with the atmosphere laden with electricity, a storm will break out" unless drastic measures are adopted. A special meeting of the Reich has been called.

His Wish to "See Better Feeling of Unity."

"I want to leave this country when my term ends in better heart than it has been for years," said Mr. Baldwin, the Prime Minister, when he was entertained at luncheon in Edinburgh yesterday by the Scottish Conservative Club.

"I want to see in the next year or two," he added, "the beginning of a better feeling of unity amongst all classes of our people. If there are those who want to fight the class war, we will take up the challenge, and we will beat them by the hardness of our heads and the largeness of our hearts."

Two things largely accounted for the interest men were taking to-day in what they vaguely termed Socialism. One was the natural and perennial discontent on the part of those upon whom life pressed most heavily.

Attached to them there was a whole army of people who liked to believe that by a sudden transformation they could enter into a heritage where for less work and more pay they would enjoy conditions of greater comfort than had ever been known in the world. The second thing that had helped to popularise Socialism in his view was the way in which the State during the war had controlled industry.

PIT OF BANKRUPTCY.

Control might do once, but to continue it to-day would land the country in a bottomless pit of bankruptcy.

Every hitch in the production of goods, every interference with industry, every strike, every lock-out lifted the prices of food in proportion to the gravity and the duration of the strike or lock-out against the poorest of the people.

"We are by far the largest party to-day," said Mr. Baldwin. "We are united. We are loyal. We offer a warm welcome to all who will join us to work for those ends and take part in this fight."

"I am convinced that when the time comes, which will not be yet, when these things have to be put to the test, the verdict which Scotland will give will be a very different one from that which she gave at the last election, and that the United Kingdom will form a united front against all those policies which we believe will lead to the weakening and the disintegration of our people."

In an allusion to capital, Mr. Baldwin said it had to be realised that capital was a prime necessity for industry. One of the great perils of governmental interference was that it sapped that very self-reliance of our people which had made us what we were.

TO KILL MR. HARDING?

Mr. W. J. Burns, of the U.S. Department of Justice, declares, says a Central News wire, that Philip Kurland and Sophie Bushwick, two Russian anarchists, have been selected by their secret organisation to assassinate Mr. Harding some time during his present tour.

Kurinsky is being kept under watch.

BIG ORDER GOES ABROAD.

Strong protests were made at the Metropolitan Water Board yesterday against a committee's recommendation to send a contract of £116,000 abroad. By a large majority the recommendation was carried.



Johnny Dundee, who, defeating Criqui in New York, is the world's feather-weight boxing champion.



Lieutenant J. R. Stenhouse, D.S.O., R.N.R., appointed master of the research vessel Discovery, Scott's old ship.

ADMIRALTY RETICENCE ON RESIGNATION RUMOUR.

50 M.P.s Support Demand for Naval Air Arm.

MR. AMERY TO SPEAK?

Responsible officials at the Admiralty declined to make any comment yesterday on the report that the Board of Admiralty have threatened to resign in the event of the Committee of Imperial Defence declaring its opposition to a separate Air Force for the Navy.

It is understood that the public reports are now being considered by Mr. L. C. Amery, First Lord of the Admiralty, who may decide to make a personal statement on the matter.

The following is the text of a petition which has already been signed by about fifty Conservative M.P.s:—"We desire to intimate to the Government that we support the Admiralty in its demand for naval control of the personnel of its own air organisation."

HIDDEN SMALLPOX PERIL.

Fear of Another Outbreak Through Man's False Statement.

For failing to notify a case of smallpox and giving false information to the medical authorities, Martin Connolly, a labourer, was fined £5 at Middlesbrough yesterday, and Catherine Connolly, his mother, with whom he lived, was fined 40s.

It was stated that the medical authorities, who believed that smallpox had been quelled in the district, now feared a further outbreak through the exposure of the man's child, who had been removed to another house.

"WEED OUT FAILURES."

Doctor Says to Give Dole to Mental Defectives Is "Extravagant."

Remarkable observations on "life's failures," or the mentally defective, were made by William Potts, at the British Medical Association meeting yesterday in Portsmouth.

Dr. Potts, who is medical officer to the Birmingham committee for the care of the mentally deficient, said all who failed in life should be studied to see how far they required help and what kind of help was essential.

Taking the problem of the unemployed, many of whom were said to be unemployable, one of the first steps, said Dr. Potts, to be taken should be to sort out the mentally defective. The dole never dealt with their problem. It was an extravagant way of treating them.

He regarded the sterilisation of defectives as an irrational procedure.

A lethal chamber is at least a rational proposition, he concluded, because it does mean economy, but the tune has not yet come when our administration can insist on anything so drastic.

BLOTING-PAD CLUE.

Divorce Story of Husband's Discovery of What His Wife Wrote to Lover.

How he found on his wife's blotting-paper impressions of letters with affectionate terms written to a co-respondent was told by Mr. Roland Donne Bentley, of Leicester, who was granted a divorce yesterday from his wife.

The co-respondent, Albert Pemberton, had agreed to pay £600, but Mr. Justice Horridge awarded £1,000 damages, saying: "It is a case of constant misconduct after every possible objection has been made by the husband. It is a shocking case."

Mr. Bentley said there was one child of the marriage, which took place in 1909. Pemberton lived nearly opposite, and after his (Pemberton's) wife died, in 1920, Mr. Bentley had to complain of his association with Mrs. Bentley.

In March, 1922, Pemberton was conducting a religious mission at Melton Mowbray. Mrs. Bentley went over there and returned very late.

Regarding the blotting-pad incident, the husband said the words, "Your loving sweetheart," were impressed on it. His wife said the letter was written in the heat of passion.

MESSAGE TO MOSLEMS FROM THE AGA KHAN.

Treaty That "Struck the Fetters from Turkey."

A NEW ERA.

"Should Make Friendships with Western Powers."

On the morrow of the signature of the Turkish Peace Treaty his Highness the Aga Khan, the spiritual head of millions of Mahomedans in various parts of the world, and the most influential figure amongst the Indian Mahomedans, telegraphed from Lausanne the following important manifesto to the whole of Islam.

The message was made public yesterday (Friday) throughout India, Egypt, the mandated territories in Africa and Asia, and other countries:—

I am sending this message from Lausanne, where for the first time in history a treaty has been signed on behalf of a Mahomedan nation upon absolutely equal terms with the Great Powers of the West.

The treaty reflects the greatest credit upon the steadfast leadership of Ghazi Mustafa and the patient diplomacy of Ismet Pasha, while it also reveals the earnest desire of Great Britain and France and the other Western Powers to be good friends with Turkey and with all Islam.

Under this great treaty Turkey will become an independent and compact national State. The fetters which so long held her enchained have been struck off.

GOODWILL OF THE POWERS.

No foreign troops will remain on Turkish soil. The freedom obtained by the Turkish national State is complete. The historic Khalifat of Constantinople is maintained. The Turks receive their capital back without any restrictions, and they also recover the sacred city of Adrianople and their territories in Thrace.

The Turks owe this highly satisfactory settlement to their own sacrifices and their own courage and fortitude, but they also owe it to the goodwill of the peoples of Great Britain and France.

It signifies that past quarrels are at an end. It ought to mean that the Turkish national State, which is as independent as Sweden, should be able to make new and lasting friendships with the Western Powers.

To Moslems dwelling in India and in other parts of the British Empire or in mandated territories I would say that in my belief the leading statement of Turkey now sincerely wish to be on good terms with Great Britain as well as with France. I feel sure they will welcome eagerly the renewal of trade and commerce.

HOW INDIA CAN HELP.

I would say to my friends in India that nothing should be done to militate the new treaty now being signed between Turkey and Great Britain. On the contrary, every effort should be made to remove old causes of difference and to make a fresh start.

Instead of the Khalifat movement, which is out of date and can serve no useful purpose, the Mahomedans of India ought to try to help Turkey to bind her wounds and to recover her lost prosperity.

Indian Mahomedans should remember that this treaty has the warm support of the King-Emperor and his advisers.

The best advice I can give to all Moslems, both in India and elsewhere, is to do their utmost to assist this new national Mahomedan State in its humble need.

I recognise that the Treaty still leaves the Arab peoples who are outside its scope in an unsatisfactory position, but I think that time will heal the Arab problem. Meanwhile the will and security of the Holy Places are assured.

Let us, therefore, leave politics alone, and turn ourselves to the task of offering such help as we can to the new State which will assuredly become the brightest star in Islam.

(Signed) AGA KHAN.

TRAPPED BY TIDE.

Man and Woman Have Narrow Escape—Rescue Boat Swamped.

A man and woman, visitors to Broadstairs, were trapped by the tide late at night at Dump-ton Gap, between Ramsgate and Broadstairs.

A Ramsgate motorboat, towing a small boat, put out to their rescue, but the latter was swamped. Two boatmen were thrown into the sea, but managed to reach the shore.

While battling against the waves the trapped visitors became separated. Meanwhile the woman had been rescued, a search was made for the man, who finally reached Broadstairs.

DAMAGES FOR CAR'S AGE.

Mr. Loftus Le Champoin, of Surbiton, a racing motorist well known in the Midlands, was awarded £50 damages at Kingston yesterday against Mr. Alfred Jones, of Kingston, the caterer at Brooklands, in respect of misrepresentation regarding a motor-car which was sold as a 1918 model, but was actually a 1915 model.

Cuticura

Clears the Scalp of Dandruff.

Treatment: On retiring cuticura the scalp with the end of the finger on spots of dandruff and itching. Next morning shampoo with a suds of Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse with tepid water. This treatment does much to keep the scalp clean and healthy and promote hair growth.

Soap is, Talcum is, 3d. Ointment is, 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold everywhere. British Depot:—F. Newberry & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse St., London, E.C.1

Cuticura Soap shaves without rust.

IMPORTANT to MOTHERS

Every Mother who values the Health and Cleanliness of her Child should use **HARRISON'S POMADE**. One application kills all Nits and Vermin, beautifies and strengthens the Hair. Cures Scurf & Dandruff. Sold by all Chemists, 6d. and 1/- Insist on having

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FROM

A. W. ABRAHAM, 134, Pershore Street, BIRMINGHAM.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADDELPHI—Eves, 8.15. ROSALIND, by J. M. Barrie. At 3. THE YOUNG PERSON IN PINK. Mats, Tu, Th, 2.30. **ALDWYCH**—Eves, 8.15. Wed, Thurs, 2.30. TONS OF MONEY. Youngs Arranged. Tom Walls, Ralph Lynn. **AMBASSADORS**—8.45. THE LILIES OF THE FIELD. Margie Albanesi, Edna Best. Mat, Fri, Sat, 2.30. **APOLLO**—WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS, by J. M. Barrie. Every Eve, 8.15. Mats, Tu, Th, 2.30. **COMEDY**—Fry Compton. "SECRETS." Last Performance. Tonight, at 8.30. **CRITERION**—8.30 and 8.50. Mats, Tues and Sat, 2.30. SEND FOR DR. GIGLI. By George Bernard Shaw. **DALYS**. 8.15. 8.30. Mats, Wed, Sat and Aug 6 at 2.15. **DUKE OF YORKS**. 8.15. 8.30. Mats, Wed, Sat and Aug 6 at 2.15. **GLOBE**—(Gerr. 8.24). THE MERRY WIDOW. Today, 8.30 and 8.50. **COLORS GREEN HIPPODROME**—To-day, at 2.30 and 9. "LADY OF THE ROSE." Daly's Production. Last 2 perf. **HAYMARKET**—Every Evening, 8.30. **NEW PLAY** by A. A. Milne. Mats, Tues, Thurs, Sat, 2.30. **HIPPODROME**—8.30 and 8.15. BRIGHTER LONDON. Billy Merrett, Lupino Lane, Paul Whelan and Band. **HIS MAJESTY**. Last 2 Perfs. Today, 2.30, 8.30. Henry Ainley in "Oliver Cromwell," by John Drinkwater. **KINGSWAY**. PAUL DAVIDSON. Reviews TANGLED. To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. (Last 2 performances.) **LITTLE**—(Hagart 2401). THE 9 O'CLOCK REVUE. Eves, 8. Mats, Mon and Th, 2.45. Red Mat. Prices. **LONDON PAVILION**—Eves, 8.15. Thurs, Sat, 2.30. DOVER STREET TO DIXIE. S. Lugano & Mervil. **LYRIC**—8.15. 8.30. Mats, Sat, 2.15. "LILAC TIME." A Play with Music by Schubert. **LYRIC, HSMITH**—2.30. 8.15. THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. Mats, Wed and Sat, 2.30. 302nd PERFORMANCE. **NEW**—(Ger. 4465). MATTHEW LANG in "CARNIVAL." Eves, 8.30. Mats, Wed, Thurs, 2.30. (Last 9 Perfs.) **NEW OXFORD**—Museum 1740. 8.20. Thurs, Sat, 2.30. "LITTLE NELLIE KELLY." By George M. Cohan. **PALACE**. Irving Berlin's "MUSIC BOY REVUE." Nights 8.20. Mats, Thurs and Sat, 2.30. **PRINCE OF WALES**—(Gerr. 7482). 8.30. Wed, Sat, 2.30. Anglo-American Joke. "SO THEY SAY." **QUEEN'S BLUEBEARD'S 8th WIFE**. Eves, 8.30. Thurs, Sat, 2.30. Madge Titherage. Norman McKinnel. **RECENT**. King's X-2.30. 8.30. **ROYALTY**—(Gerr. 3858). THE LITTLE THING. Eves, 8.30. Mats, Thurs and Sat, 2.30. Dennis Eddie, Jean Cadell. Mats, Wed and Sat, 2.30. **ST. JAMES'S**—Nights, at 8.30. THE OUTSIDER. Leslie Feller, Robert Elton. Mats, Wed, Thurs, Sat, 2.30. **ST. MARTIN'S**—Eves, 8.30. R.E.H. Mats, Fri, Sat, 2.30. The Talk of the Town. **SAVOY**—(Gerr. 3361). 8.15. POLLY. Mats, Mon, Thurs, 2.30. JAMESON RODDS. LILIAN DAVIES. **SHAFTESBURY**—8.30. Wed, Sat, 2.30. STOP TIGHTING. The Auditors should attract all London. "Vide Presq." **VAUDEVILLE**—8.30. Mats, Thurs and Sat, 2.30. "RATS." Chas. L. Revue. Alfred Lester, Boney and Farrar. **WINTER GARDEN**—8.15, 8.30. Mats, 2.15. Norman Griffin and George Grossmith. "The Catshut." **WYNDHAM'S**—Gerald du Maurier in "THE DANCERS." A New Play. 2.30, 8.15. Mats, Wed, Thurs, Sat, 2.30. **ALHAMBRA**—(Gerr. 5064). 2.30, 6.10 and 8.45. Paul Specht Orchestra. Lily Morris, Fintellini Bros., etc. **COLUMBIUM**—(Gerr. 7840). 2.30, 7.45. Albee Thorne, Lydia Leokadia, Williams and Collins, George and Butcher. **PALLADIUM**—(Gerr. 1004). 2.30. The Great Carmo Morgan Dancers, Nora Hayes, Percy Monti, etc. **EMPIRE**—(Gerr. 6523). Daily, at 2.45 and 8.30. Sun, 7.45. ENEMIES OF WOMEN. "The Catshut." **NEW GALLERY**, Regent. "Dorothea Da-ton." In "The Crimson Challenge." Pillars of the Port. **STOLL PICTURE THEATRE**, Kingsway. -1.45 to 10.30. "The Seventh Day." "The Glory of Clementina," etc.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

CHAS. STILES AND CO.—Pianos by high-class makers new and second-hand; for sale hire or hire-purchase—inspection invited—74-76, Southampton-row, W.C.1. (Phone Museum 479)

CONCERT Grand Gramophones—New models, solid cast, double spring worm work, splendid tone; deeded by us latest improvements; sent on 7 days approval; bargain price. £7 10s.—Hunt, White, Chaplin, Airmap, Good.

PIANO—Bargains, new and second-hand; best makes from 21s. monthly.—Parker's, 127, Bishopsgate.

LADIES' MIRROR

THE NECK QUESTION—BUSTLE SASHES AND A FAN.

IT'S useless, I know, to rebel, but please, Mr. Fashion Maker, whoever you may be, we are so tired of high . . . p back and front boat necks to our dresses, specially for evening wear. You see, we don't get any satisfaction in changing from afternoon to evening dress these nights now we wear our neck-line in each case just beneath the chin. * * *

HOPEFUL SIGN.

Therefore I was more than usually interested in a lovely frock worn by Olwen Rose in the new Duke of York's Theatre play, which had a very pronounced V-opening back and front. New fashions are first indicated in new plays, so perhaps we have some reason to hope. * * *

KNEE-BREECHES.

The dress in question was white crepe, skin-fitting, with all the skirt draperies brought round to the front, where they were cleverly caught up and allowed to fall in a graceful cascade of pleats. This play is a lesson in the psychological value of clothes. The hero is a bear until he becomes a butler. Then his bad manners improve and every woman on the stage—and a few in the audience—fall in love with him. Obviously, the moral influence of his black satin knee-breeches! * * *

HER FLOWER FAN.

Princess Mary looked so pleased with the floral fan which the nurses gave her when she went to the Picture Matinee at the St. James' Picture Theatre in aid of the St. George's Hospital, have often wondered if royalties don't grow a little tired of the numerous pink rose or carnation bouquets that come their way, and this was a happy thought. It was a dainty affair

made of tiny massed blue flowers on pink flower "sticks" with narrow hanging ribbons quite as dainty as the Princess herself, who wore oatmeal-coloured georgette and lace and one of those wide hats she loves that matched the frock and had an ostrich feather tip just peeping over the brim, secured by a diamond arrow. * * *

IMPORTANT SASH.

These bustle bow frocks are ever so pretty, and economical, too, because they usually constitute the sole trimming on a dress. On a dance frock of wide-meshed black canvas net which has narrow inset strips of satin you find a broad sash and huge bustle bow of rainbow-checked stiff silk ribbon. It imparts a youthful piquancy to the dress and is an excellent idea for renovation purposes. * * *

FLATTENED FLOWERS.

Sleeveless dance and dinner frocks of stiff moiré are much worn just now. One I saw in cyanine pink had small pinky mauve roses flattened on to either hip, while a piece of chiffon was placed over them to give a blurred appearance. * * *

LAVENDER CLOAKS.

Blue chiffon velvet, a lovely lavender blue, is being used for evening cloaks. One to which I've lost my heart pretty badly is trimmed with strips of silver galon extending from the neck to the hem. A ruffled collar has narrow pieces of chinchilla wound round it. Four or five strips of the fur with pieces of galon between form the hem, and the whole lovely thing is lined with silver brocade. There is a fascinating snood to go with it of velvet lined with silver and bound with chinchilla—this for chilly, breezy nights when you want to protect your coiffure. PHILLIDA.



For those to whom a bandeau is becoming, there is nothing more effective than diamanté leaves on a velvet ground.



"I've used nearly all the Cherry Blossom Brown Boot Polish on this bag, so will you please order some more, and you will want a tin of White Cherry Blossom to take away with you for your patent shoes."

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

BLACK and TONETTE in 1d., 2d., 4d., and 6d. Tins.

Also sold in the following Colours in 2d., and 4d. tins only:

WHITE for Patent Leathers.

DARK TAN: Imparts a beautiful Nigger-Brown shade to leather.

DEEP TONE: Stains leather a rich, deep tone—very attractive.

use **snowene**

The dressing for White Buckskin and Canvas Shoes—which will not rub off.

In Aluminium Containers 7d. Re-fills 2d. LIQUID SNOWENE in bottles 4d & 7d.

£5,000 MUST BE WON IN THE GREAT MOTOR BALLOT

Help those who risked their lives for you, by getting your ticket now. Organised by and in aid of The Victory Corps (under Royal Patronage), who urgently need £5,000 to provide for necessities etc. service men. Below is a list of prizes, any of which you can win, besides doing a good turn to a fellow countryman in distress.

FIRST PRIZE NOW £2,000 CASH

REVISED PRIZE LIST.

2nd Prize	6-cylinder Limousine	£1,000 Cash
3rd	Motor or	
	Riley All-Season 4	£650 "
4th	Motor or	
	Motorcar de Luxe 4	£465 "
5th	Motor or	
	Motorcar, or	
	McKenzie All-Weather	£368 "
6th	Motor or	
	Motorcar, value	£275 "
7th	Motor or	
	Salmon de Luxe, 2	£225 "
8th	Motor or	
	Motorcar, or	
	Excelsior Motor	£123 "
9th	Motor or	
	Motorcar, value	£80 "
10th	Motor or	
	Motorcar, value	£51 Gns.
11th	Motor or	
	Motorcar, value	£26 Gns.

TICKETS 2/6 EACH Or 5 Tickets for 10/-

Get a numbered ticket and full particulars from Headquarters, or from Ginnings, Keith, Prosser and all shops displaying the Great Motor Ballot.

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Please send me _____ tickets for THE GREAT MOTOR BALLOT, for which I enclose P.O. value _____, and stamped addressed envelope.

Name _____

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Please write in Block Letters.

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HAVE YOU A WEAK HEART?

NERVOUSNESS TIMIDITY, BLUSHING

Do you lack Self-Confidence? Do you Bash, Start, Tremble, Stammer, or Grow Confused when addressed? Do you suffer from Nerve or Heart Weakness, Twitchings, Nerve Pains, Depression, etc. You can now be cured thoroughly permanently in 7 days. Guaranteed Cure for either sex. No need for surgery. The Cure is simple and private. Will not interfere with work or play. It has cured thousands after Doctors, Physical Culture and Suggestion have failed. Write at once for free particulars. Will be sent free private. Send 3d. for "Mirror." E. M. Dean, 12, All Saints Rd., St. Anne-on-Sea.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

A. ABSOLUTELY Best Prices Paid for old artificial teeth, and for platinum, dental and broken, old gold and silver: the truth is mighty and will always prevail; satisfaction or teeth returned promptly, or just send me your address and I will send you an address box for sending teeth. Post, or call to E. Lewis (Desk 58) 24, Warwick-street, off Strand-street, London, W. (near Robinson and Cleaver), or to 29, London-street, Southport, Lancashire.

A. REFUGIAL. Teeth (any condition) Dental Plates, all kinds of Jewellery old and broken, old gold and silver: Diamonds etc. Highest prices paid. Cash by return. Despatched P.M. Scott and Co., 109, Charing Cross, W.C.2.

A. REFUGIAL. Teeth (old) Bought—Highest value secured, up to 5s. per tooth pinned on vulcanite, 12s. in silver, 15s. on gold, 22 on platinum; cash or order by return; if other not accepted parcel returned post free; satisfaction guaranteed by the reliable firm—S. Cane and Co., 69a, Market-street, Manchester. Paid 1850.

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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1923.

"GERMANY MUST PAY."

A USEFUL LESSON FROM THE LEEDS BY-ELECTION.

WE are always being told by our be-kind-to-Germany cranks that "business opinion," in this country is opposed to the French policy in the Ruhr.

When they speak of "business opinion" we suppose that these authorities refer to themselves.

Perhaps, if they meditate the result of the Central Leeds election, it will occur to them that there may, after all, be a few other people "in this country" who disagree with cranks, and think that it would be better for us if we were to support France in securing payment from Germany.

It will hardly be denied that Leeds is predominantly a community of business men—that it may be taken, in fact, as a city representative of "business opinion." And now Central Leeds has returned Sir Charles Wilson, the Conservative candidate, by a large majority. And Sir Charles Wilson, in all his election speeches, emphasised the necessity for supporting France.

We hope that his success will convince waverers in the Government that "business opinion" is not voiced by the let-Germany-off school.

WHEN JURIES DISAGREE.

ONE fears that the need for a unanimous verdict from twelve good men and true may be a requirement of English law that acts as a form of slow torture for prisoners.

A man twice tried for murder has just died in Brixton Prison.

Two juries failed to make up their collective mind about the facts in his case. He was tried and retried and possibly would have been tried again. One can imagine that, in his suspense, he may well have prayed that the next jury would condemn or acquit him—but at any rate come to a decision.

The system of pronouncing sentence after a majority verdict of jurors has the advantage of preventing these mishaps. There is even something to be said for the argument that two trials are enough for any man, and that such hesitation implies that the evidence is not cogent enough to convict him.

KEEP TO THE ROADS!

WE are entering upon the fierce rush of the charabanc excursion season. Roads totally unfitted for the support of mechanical monsters will daily and hourly be ploughed by them.

The charabanc, we know, is the "poor man's motor-car"; and we know also that it has "come to stay." We do not protest against it.

Pedestrians and cottagers and other roadside residents, however, are heard faintly claiming that, if the charabanc has come to stay, they wish very much that it would stay where it is—that is, on the roads.

One of these humble sufferers wrote to complain yesterday of the holiday habit of waving paper streamers from charabancs. The paper leaves the roads and clings about the trees and invades the fields. So do bottles and other implements. All that is asked of the charabanc folk is that they should be more self-contained—that they should not use these delightful inventions as tanks designed to breathe forth implements of assault upon the countryside.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

Should Parents "Pay"?—Criticism of the Holiday Girl—English Bathing Dresses—Public House Reform.

"SHE DEFILES CRITICISM."

HOLIDAY girls are usually indifferent to criticism. Every year we hear much about their flirtations and follies. They never pay the smallest attention to these unkind "remarks."

It puzzles me, therefore, to understand why so many of them should this year judge by your correspondence columns appear to be so sensitive about gossip. Let them defy criticism as usual.

Bexhill.

ONLOOKER.

WHO SHOULD PAY?

DAMAGES for breach of promise ought to be abolished altogether.

Young people should have every chance of revising their opinions about one another and of making up their minds anew. For this is the way to prevent unhappy marriages.

My conclusion is that nobody should pay.

LIFE WITHOUT HOLIDAYS.

POOR "Business"! Is it not easy to picture him and to sorrow over the picture that is thus brought before the gaze?

A "dry as dust" kind of person, stooping shoulders, gaunt and haggard frame, hair rapidly thinning on the top, short and sharp in temper, and if an employer the last sort of man that one wants to work for, his only recreation and hobby, business and money-making, and his outlook on life in general narrow and restricted.

One gains a complete knowledge of him in his statement that after an occasional holiday he is always "glad to get back." I undertake to say that he is not the kind of person that his clerks welcome back with open arms.

Business is a fine thing, and every decent person comes back to it cheerfully after a holiday, but people like "Business" do not recommend it. After thinking about him it's nice to

THE GROWTH OF FEMININE "INTERFERENCE."



Men used to be glad to escape from feminine surveillance. Now, even M.P.s complain that their wives are not given accommodation in the House of Commons.

in any case not the unfortunate parents, who in England have very little to do with the matter.

ENGAGED.

SURELY it is very unfair for parents to give their approval to an engagement, to accept and offer their affection to a girl, and then to change their minds and advise their son not to marry her.

In my opinion the girl in such a case has every right to secure compensation from the young man's father and mother.

Wimbledon.

F. M. TOMLINSON.

ENGLISH BATHING DRESSES

WITH all due respect to "Anglo-Yank," let me point out that Englishwomen prefer bathing costumes in which they can swim, and jump about in the water with great freedom and comfort. That is why they do not care for elaborate outfits for the seaside.

Our American sisters, however, wear an elaborate costume of brilliant coloring, a pretty cap, or hat, silk stockings and high-heeled shoes, and hold a sort of impromptu mannequin parade on the beach.

Rarely do they attempt to swim, but are just content to stroll lazily about on the beach, reading magazines and eating candy.

In such costumes as some American and Parisian women wear it would be almost impossible to swim at all. Frills, pleats and draperies are likely to handicap the wearer when in the water. And imagine what the full dress costume would look like when the bathing belle came out of the sea!

L. T. L.

meditate upon the seaside and a fortnight's forthcoming holiday.

Richmond.

L. H.

A PLACE FOR FAMILIES.

YOUR correspondent M. T. speaks of the "disgraceful" sights seen outside public-houses at night, and asks why people are allowed to drink outside at all.

It is a fact that the stupid tendency of legislation has narrowed and depressed the public-house.

To reform the public-house and make it attractive and a place of family resort, where a man can sit with his wife and children in decent surroundings, would probably carry us far along the road to true temperance.

Greenwich.

W. BOWEN.

COMPANIONSHIP AND DRINK.

WITH regard to your correspondent's remarks on the drinking that takes place outside public-houses, may I say that I fail to distinguish the moral difference between drinking outside or drinking inside?

Surely, if the evening is warm, it does the people more good to have their beer in the air than in a heated atmosphere.

As to "H. D.'s" query: "Why don't they take the drink to their homes and enjoy it in quiet?" I would remind "H. D." that man has gregarious instincts, and that the fellowship of his companions is perhaps the principal element in the enjoyment of his drink.

S. A.

Lauderdale-mansions, W. 9.

WHEN A MAN'S WIFE ESCAPES.

BACHELOR HUSBANDS WHO ARE LEFT AT HOME.

By ONE OF THEM.

I HAVE read with amusement recent articles and letters about the married woman's holiday—how she never gets it, how she ought to get it, and what she would do with it if she did get it, as she ought.

Let me give an account of my own experience in this matter, now so much to the fore.

For this is precisely the season for the wife, in many average homes, suddenly to escape, to disappear and to be seen no more by the man, or men, of the family.

The excuse is that she must "take the children down and get everything ready"—for us.

She may—for all I know—be diligently getting everything ready at the seaside.

I only know that (in my case) she has gone. And I also know—I am acutely and uncomfortably aware—that she has not left everything ready behind her.

She has taken the one reliable maid with her—to help to "get everything ready" somewhere else.

She has taken a goodly supply of household utilities—linen, plate, clothes and the like.

She has taken (apparently) most of the ordinary objects I use for personal adornment or what not.

"GETTING EVERYTHING READY."

For example, yesterday morning I missed my safety-razor and my shaving soap. She is "getting ready" to permit me to shave when I join her in ten days' time. Until then I am invited either to grow a beard or to buy another razor.

But that isn't all—no, not by any means!

In the preoccupation of getting everything ready at the seaside, she has forgotten that a mere man must live even if his wife be on a holiday. She has overlooked the little culinary matter of meals.

The evening of her departure I came home to find the house partly dismantled and arranged in shrouds of white or blue-check dust sheets. There was no dinner. I was not expected home for dinner. What on earth does a man want dinner for when his wife's away? Clearly he only eats to oblige her. And she is busy preparing double dinners by the sea.

Not only this. But she, having escaped from all home-housekeeping, has also escaped from an accumulation of home mysteries and domestic crises suddenly precipitated upon me.

The one remaining servant—a woman of whom I have always stood in awe—keeps coming into the room and remarking that the man's come to repair the sink, or that the man from the Gas Company's called, and so on. "Why, let 'em come, let 'em call!" I exclaim. But this won't do. I have to deal with them. I am expected to respond amicably and entertain them. They explain that everything in the house is going to ruin. They want me to see to it. I dread the return home at night.

GRIM SOLITUDE.

I enter the forlorn house to find it apparently deserted.

There is at first not a sound to be heard. Then, if I listen very carefully, I catch faint murmurs from belowstairs, a sound like somebody using a file or a jemmy—whatever that may be. I stand superstitiously in an attitude of attention.

Is it a burglar? Or is it only the cook—the woman of whom I stand in awe—manicuring her hands?

Anyhow, it can't be cooking. For, as I have already remarked, no cooking seems now to be done in the house.

After a pause I enquire. . . It is the cook scrubbing. It is the woman of whom I stand in awe getting everything ready for our return from our holidays next month. And I reflect that she will have to get it all ready again if the house is to be clean by that time. In my opinion, she would be better advised to cook my dinner.

But I dare not say anything while my wife is away—in case the woman of whom I stand in awe might suddenly leave me to perish, like a holiday cat, alone.

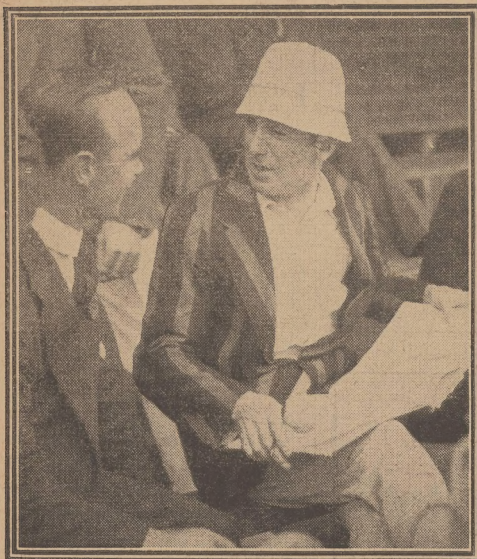
And then I am told that "married women never get a holiday!"

Do they not? I only know that I don't get one when my wife plunges into the unknown and leaves me to deal with the home.

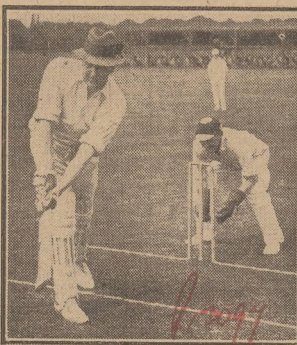
A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Without economy none can be rich, and with it few can be poor.—Johnson.

HOUSE OF COMMONS CRICKET MATCH FOR RICHMOND HOSPITAL—VICTORIAN VISITORS



Viscount Curzon discusses the batting order of his House of Commons side.



Sir John Ganzoni, M.P., batting



The Mayor of Richmond and ex-King Manoel of Portugal (left).



Some of the hospital collectors in picturesque costume.



Looking at a bat autographed by the Cabinet.

M.P.s went to Richmond yesterday to play a Richmond district team captained by Mr. H. Becker, M.P., for the benefit of Richmond Hospital.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



THE EXPERT GLANCE.—Some of the party of 150 Danish Boy Scouts who are on a visit to England looking at boots made at the Lamorby Homes, Sidecup, Kent.



THE PRINCE AND WINNER OF HIS CUP.—The Prince of Wales at the Royal Welsh Show at Welshpool shows interest in the champion Welsh pig, which won the challenge cup and medal he had given. The Prince visited the show during a visit to the Earl and Countess of Powis.



Mr. Harold Baker, architect of the new Bank of England, about which there is some controversy.



New portrait of Lady Diana Somerset, younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort.

THE KING'S PLANS.

Gatherings at Goodwood—The Chatsworth Wedding—An Artist's Suggestion.

WHEN COWES is over the King and Queen will return to Buckingham Palace for a brief stay, and then go to Balmoral for nearly two months. They will arrive at the Castle about the third week in August. On the way his Majesty hopes to pay a visit to the Duke of Devonshire at Bolton Abbey for grouse shooting, while the Queen, during this time, will stay with Princess Mary at her Yorkshire home, Goldsborough Hall.

Parties at Goodwood.

Although the Duke of Richmond's mansion—Goodwood House—is large, the presence of royalty, with their attendant equerries, secretaries, etc., puts quite a strain on its capacity, and the Earl and Countess of March usually entertain an overflow at Molecomb, which is by way of being downer-house to Goodwood itself. This year the Duke and Duchess of York will stay there and a good many members of the Gordon-Leonnox family.

Welbeck Abbey.

When the Prince goes to Welbeck Abbey on Tuesday he will be visiting one of the queerest historic seats in the world! It has been rebuilt and added to until it is a real jumble. The south front has two projecting square towers, the east front, overlooking the lake, is a series of Tudoresque gables and the west front is in semi-castellated style. Then, of course, there are all those subterranean passages and rooms constructed by the late Duke.

A Walking Advertisement.

Sir William Treloar is certainly a good advertisement for Harrogate. I met him yesterday looking much more like a very young sixty than an octogenarian. He tells me that he is entertaining a hundred of the doctors who have been at the British Medical Association Conference at Alton as soon as the conference is over.

Mary Anderson.

Mme. de Navarro, whom playgoers know as Miss Mary Anderson, celebrates her sixty-fourth birthday to-day. Though she retired from the stage at the age of twenty-eight, and has resisted all pressure to return to it, the memory of her early successes has never faded. She assisted Mr. Robert Hichens in the dramatisation of "The Garden of Allah."

Scottish Divine's Return.

Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, seems to be having strange experiences for a church known locally as "the millionaires' church." Four or five years ago its minister, Dr. J. H. Jowett, left it and returned to England. Now his successor, Dr. John Kelman, formerly of Edinburgh, is regarded as practically certain to be back in Scotland about the end of this year.

Women and Racing.

Goodwood, with the exception of Cowes, the last big Society gathering of the Season, promises to be a most interesting meeting. All the prominent women owners will be represented, including Lady Wavertree, whom the public are accustomed to associate too exclusively with lawn tennis. But her interest in racing is easy to understand.



Lady Wavertree.

Popular Peer.

Lady Wavertree's husband was formerly known as Colonel Hall Walker, who built up a famous racing stud and presented it to the nation during the war. It was in 1919 that he was made a peer, having been for eighteen years a popular member of Parliament. He used to be chairman of Peter Walker and Sons, the brewers, of Warrington.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

Chatsworth Wedding Festivities.

Lady Rachel Cavendish has returned to Chatsworth with the Duchess of Devonshire in preparation for her marriage to the Hon. James Stuart at Edensor on August 4. Brilliant scenes are likely to be witnessed on that day, when large crowds will assemble in the beautiful park to greet the bride and bridegroom. On the day before the event nearly a thousand tenants and servants will view the wedding presents and be entertained.

"My Wanderings."

Lady Norah Bentinck has another book in the press. It is a record of her travels, is descriptive and gossipy, and tells us all about the great ones she has met. "My Wanderings," as her reminiscences are called, will be published in the autumn. Lady Norah Bentinck, a daughter of Lord Gainsborough, went to Amerongen for the wedding of the ex-Kaiser's aide-de-camp to her husband's cousin, Countess Elizabeth Bentinck, and she was probably the first Englishwoman to see Wilhelm in exile.

A Poet's Epitaph.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc, who celebrated his fifty-third birthday yesterday, is at present in Spain. Like many other poets, Mr. Belloc has written his own epitaph. It took the form of an epigram in two lines—

*"When I am dead I hope it will be said,
"His sins were scarlet, but his books were read."*

Filming Famous Farce.

Good progress is being made with a film version of "Tons of Money." A special company has been formed for this purpose, including Flora Le Breton, Mary Brough and Leslie Henson. An interesting feature of this film will be the subtitles, which are being written by Tom Webster, whose cartoon captions always sparkle with humour.



Miss Flora Le Breton.

Burlesque.

Leslie Henson has done successful film work before. "Alf's Button" had an extraordinarily successful run. He was also the originator of the burlesque type of film, his agile mind seeing in "Broken Blossoms" excellent material for the parody called, "Broken Bottles."

"Banting."

Dr. Banting, the young Canadian who has discovered insulin and fame, has a namesake who, like Captain Boycott, added a new word to the language. Mr. William Banting, born at the end of the eighteenth century and living till 1878, was the gentleman who, by a system of dieting, pulled down his weight from monstrous proportions to an extent that left him, when over sixty, able to run and skip like a boy. Hence "Banting" and the Banting system.

"Leeds" M.P.

Sir Charles Wilson, the newly elected member for Central Leeds, is not only a bluff, genial Yorkshireman who never hesitates to call a spade a spade, but also he is a delightful humorist. Although not a native of Leeds, he has spent the greater part of his life furthering the interests of that city. "I am Leeds," he declared the other day, and it was no meaningless boast.

A Message for France.

His victory is an indication of public opinion in this country on the question of France's way in the Ruhr. "Make Germany pay," was the constant burden of Sir Charles' by-election speeches, and the electors of Central Leeds have shown that they are in thorough agreement with the policy of standing by France in making Germany pay. It is indeed high time that we had "money down" from the business tricksters of the Fatherland.

"MacEwen's Operation."

Professor Sir William MacEwen, of Glasgow, who is to be Ambassador of the British Medical Association at the Australian Medical Congress in November, is one of the ablest pioneers in British surgery. His name will always be associated with the method now universally adopted of curing bow legs. The method is simple, if radical, and is generally referred to as "MacEwen's operation."

Picture Library?

An artist who was talking to me yesterday about the slump in picture buying suggested an interesting way in which the painting man's prospects could be improved. He thinks that an art circulating library might be started to supply pictures on loan to subscribers for a certain period. These pictures would at the expiration of the period be exchanged for another set, just as books or pianola records are exchanged. Subscribers, of course, could purchase outright any picture which they particularly liked.

Need for Variety.

"Why," asked the artist, "should people look always at the same pictures? The system of buying a few pictures, putting them up on the wall, and leaving them there till death do us part, is deadly to the artist. If there was a system of circulating pictures, say once in a year or every six months, interest in art would be stimulated, and painters would, directly or indirectly, reap the benefit."

Coloured Servants.

Not long ago 300 coloured girls from Guadeloupe and Martinique were taken to France in an attempt to meet the shortage of domestic servants, which is very acute across the Channel. My correspondent tells me that the scheme has not been an entire success, and about a quarter of their number have had to be sent back to their West Indian homes. It is now proposed to recruit maidservants nearer home—in Poland and Czechoslovakia.

Monarch's Glass of Water.

Paris is talking about a little adventure of the Bey of Tunis, who is visiting France. Feeling thirsty he stopped his car outside a café and asked for refreshment, but as he is a strict Mussulman all he would touch was a glass of water, for which a charge of one franc was demanded. He was astounded that he should have to pay for water, and also that he was expected to tip the waiter who watched him drink it.



Viscountess Erleigh, wife of Viscount Erleigh and daughter-in-law of the Earl of Reading.



Miss Betty Compson in the new Parisian Apache film "The Green Temptation," to be seen next week.

British "Jazz" Band.

I looked in at a private performance of "The London Band," which will follow Paul Whiteman at the Hippodrome on Monday. It is composed entirely of British musicians, under Emlyn Thomas, and their first efforts augur well for their success, as I understand Mr. R. H. Gillespie has given them a long engagement at a big fee.

In the Saddle!

Dr. David, the new Bishop of Liverpool, as a broad-minded Evangelical, is likely to be warmly acceptable to his new diocese, for Liverpool is hardly a prominent centre of Anglo-Catholicism. A bachelor of fine figure, fifty-six years of age and a good horseman, he could discuss stirrups with Mr. Justice Darling.

School of Bishops.

Dr. David was formerly Headmaster of Rugby—a school which is remarkable for the number of masters it has sent to the episcopal bench. Among Dr. David's predecessors were Bishop Percival, of Hereford, and Archbishop Temple. Archbishop Benson was also at one time an under-master at Rugby.

American Labour Shortage.

Americans complain that there is a terrible shortage of labour in their country as a result of the restrictions imposed on immigration. They do not desire an all-round relaxation of those restrictions; but there is a strong feeling that they might be relaxed with advantage in favour of British immigrants, who are always easily absorbed. THE RAMBLER.

Caley's Holiday Chats

Back to the Road.

HISTORY has a curious way of repeating itself.

We are often inclined to smile a superior smile when we see pictures of the old stage coach days. We admit that the scenes are all full of romance and old world charm.

Nevertheless, we wonder how our forefathers could have been content with such methods of transport.

Though we have the advantage over them to-day in choice of means of locomotion, we are daily returning more and more to road travel both for pleasure and business.

Our forefathers often did their road journeys under great discomfort; we can cover them in comparative luxury. Moreover, they had often to travel long intervals without food and with an aching longing for sustenance that meant absolute distress.

But the road traveller to-day never need trouble about the question of meals. He can always await the most convenient time if he only carries with him a small supply of

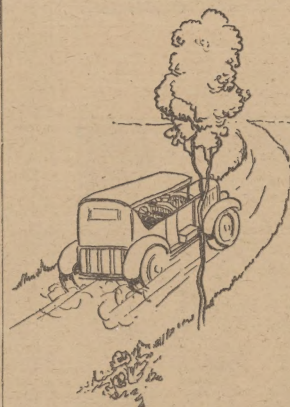
Caley's Marching Chocolate

This famous brand of chocolate is as good as a meal, and does not create thirst. Slip one of the blue and khaki packets in your pocket when starting on a road journey, and you will be glad you did so.

*"Slip in the pocket of your jacket
That little blue and khaki packet"*

AND BE CONTENTED.

A. J. CALEY & SON, LTD, NORWICH and LONDON.



WOUNDED SOLDIERS "NOT FORGOTTEN" BY THE DUCHESS SAVED



Duke and Duchess of York arriving at the garden party.



The Duchess with wounded ex-Service men invited by the Not Forgotten Association. The Duke and Duchess of York went to the Royal Botanic Gardens yesterday to meet the guests at the Overseas League Garden Party.



A HANDY DEVICE.—A new racket press with seat attachment. It is light, strong, easy to open and close, and costs very little. Where seating accommodation is limited it bids fair to be a boon. Mr. Lane, Hammersmith, invented it.



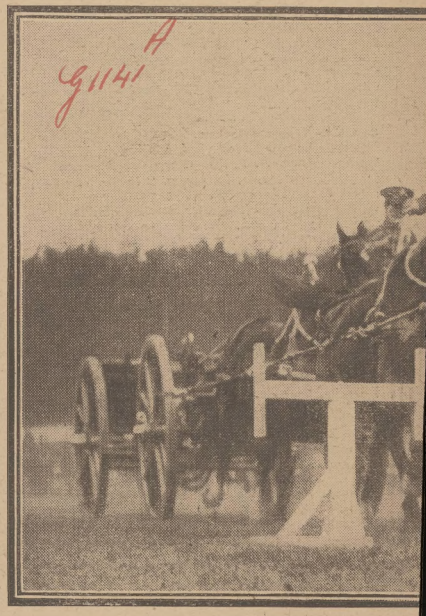
Miss Madge Saunders and Mr. Guy Saunders at the stage golf meeting.



Colonel-Commandant A. F. W. Harman with his first prize hunter.



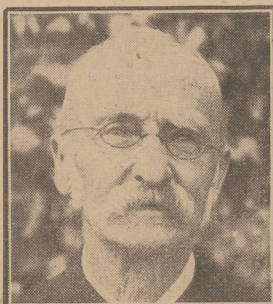
A FREE SWING.—Miss Viola Tree wears a slit skirt in the Stage Golfing Society's mixed foursomes.



A Royal Horse Artillery team passed driving straight and true.—The Royal Horse Artillery provided some of the most spectacular events at Alder.



HIS DAY.—W. H. Downes, a jockey attached to Poole's stable at Lewes, who had five mounts and rode five winners at Jersey and Guernsey races.

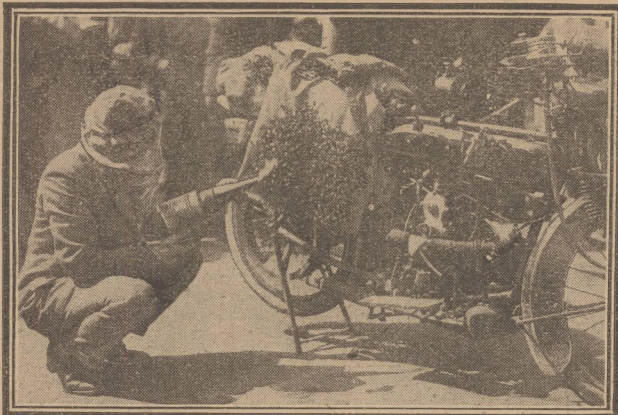


50 YEARS' SERVICE.—Rev. C. S. Booty, who has just completed fifty years of service as vicar of All Saints' Church, Rudston, East Yorkshire. He received many congratulations.



Miss Vera Hain mouth swimming persons in distress. It was an

LIVES A STRANGE SWARMING PLACE



Smoking a swarm of bees that settled on a motor cyclist's coat while he was lunching in an hotel at Dartmouth. The owner of the machine was not at all inclined to approach before the bees were removed from his property.



Lieut.-General Sir Philip Chetwode (left) and his daughter Penelope.



D.S.O.'s WEDDING.—Captain Cuthbert Savile Baines, D.S.O., elder son of Colonel Cuthbert Baines, of The Lawn, Shirehampton, married to Miss Joyce Bevan, daughter of Mr. Bertrand Yorke Bevan, at Cuckfield.

CADETS TOUR BATTLEFIELDS



Some of the thousand Territorial cadets on board H.M.S. Calliope, on which they left Dover for France. They will tour the battlefields, and colours crossed with them for the first time since the war.

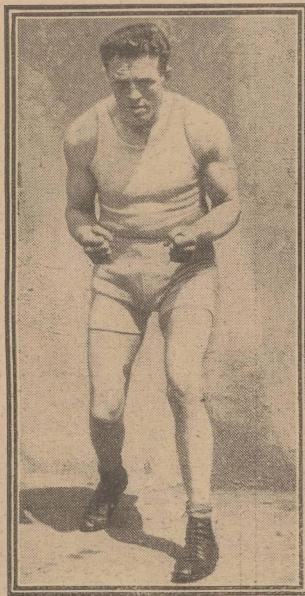


UNACCUSTOMED SPADE-WORK.—General Sir James Willcocks cuts the first sod for the Bermuda building of the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley Park. Lady Willcocks (with bouquet) looks on.—(Daily Mirror.)

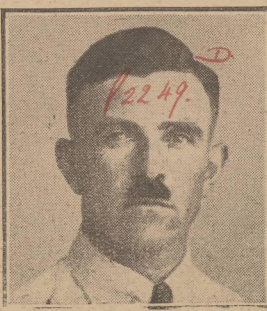


stables in the driving competition.

corps famous for the accuracy of its drivers and horses, pro- Horse Show yesterday.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



GETTING READY.—Kid Lewis doing some shadow-boxing while training for his contest on Monday with Augie Ratner, the American boxer. The match will be at the Albert Hall.



BRAVE GERMAN.—Max Fladt, who saved two French soldiers from drowning at Kehl. For reward, he asked for the pardon of five Germans now under sentence of death.



SEA HERO.—Captain J. Shaw, who with his men has received recognition from the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society for rescue of men, women and children from sinking ss. Fidal.

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is now put up in liquid form, and ready for use, at 9d per bottle. Also in the familiar metal box, with cake and sponge, at 6d and 9d, and separate cakes at 2d.

It dries a pure white and will not rub off.
Makers: J. Pickering & Sons, Ltd.,
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PERSONAL.

Rate 1s. per word (minimum 8s.); name and address must be sent. Trade advice 1s. 6d. per word.

ALPINE Goodwood Draw, for result see bookholders.

SUPERFLUOUS hair permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only.—Miss Florence Wood, 89, Granville-garden, Shepherd's Bush, W. 12. Min. Tu.

GRAY Hairs—Touch up the first ones with Tatcho-Tone trial phis, 6d. Tatcho-Tone 5 Great Queen-st. W.C.

COMPLEXIONS permanently tinted; Moles, Crude Tattoos removed.—Burchett, 72, Waterloo-road, London.

"To lighten the labour of Eve's fair daughter,
Is one of the lessons Hides Wavers have taught her."

ARTICLES FOR DISPOSAL.

CLOTHES perfect waver, 7s. 6d., 8s. post free.—Pitt, 255, Upper-st. London, N. 1.

KNITTING Yarns—Art. silk 3s. 3d. 1lb. 5s. 6d. 6s. 6d. and 7s. per lb. Double Knitting 1s. 6d. 2s. 6d. 3s. 6d. and 4s. 9d. lb. Angora Rabbit Wool 1s. 3d. a ball, free samples.—City Textile Supply Stores, 4-5, Masons-avenue, E.C. 5.

MARCEL wave your own hair; ladies can easily do this lovely wave with "maison" perfect wave; save free 8s.—D. H. Evans and other asres, hairdressers, chemists.

REAL rest in open air now possible for all.—British Invention, Gombola Hammock Stand, no ground fixings, light, strong suit any hammock, last forty summers; Awnings, Hammocks, etc. at cut prices; send p.c. for illustrated leaflet.—Turner, Treloar, Bengard-Hackbridge.

TO Poster Writers Only.—Like that will flow with the brush, red, yellow and blue, 6d. per tin, send cash with trial order to John Milford, St. Albans Works, Peas Hill, N. 10, London.

WALLPAPERS direct, from 41d. per roll; send for patterns free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., Dept. M, Trinity-st., Leeds.

PAWNROKERS' Bargains—Special List of Unreclaimed Pledges now Ready; full 6s. 6d. 7s. 6d. 8s. 9s. 10s. 11s. 12s. 13s. 14s. 15s. 16s. 17s. 18s. 19s. 20s. 21s. 22s. 23s. 24s. 25s. 26s. 27s. 28s. 29s. 30s. 31s. 32s. 33s. 34s. 35s. 36s. 37s. 38s. 39s. 40s. 41s. 42s. 43s. 44s. 45s. 46s. 47s. 48s. 49s. 50s. 51s. 52s. 53s. 54s. 55s. 56s. 57s. 58s. 59s. 60s. 61s. 62s. 63s. 64s. 65s. 66s. 67s. 68s. 69s. 70s. 71s. 72s. 73s. 74s. 75s. 76s. 77s. 78s. 79s. 80s. 81s. 82s. 83s. 84s. 85s. 86s. 87s. 88s. 89s. 90s. 91s. 92s. 93s. 94s. 95s. 96s. 97s. 98s. 99s. 100s. 101s. 102s. 103s. 104s. 105s. 106s. 107s. 108s. 109s. 110s. 111s. 112s. 113s. 114s. 115s. 116s. 117s. 118s. 119s. 120s. 121s. 122s. 123s. 124s. 125s. 126s. 127s. 128s. 129s. 130s. 131s. 132s. 133s. 134s. 135s. 136s. 137s. 138s. 139s. 140s. 141s. 142s. 143s. 144s. 145s. 146s. 147s. 148s. 149s. 150s. 151s. 152s. 153s. 154s. 155s. 156s. 157s. 158s. 159s. 160s. 161s. 162s. 163s. 164s. 165s. 166s. 167s. 168s. 169s. 170s. 171s. 172s. 173s. 174s. 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PIP AND SQUEAK

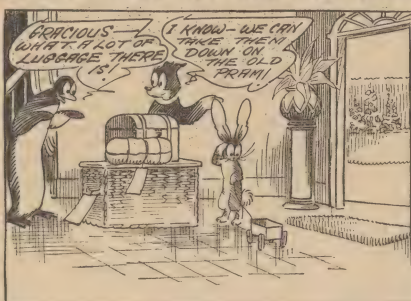
SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1923

THE ADVENTURES OF PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

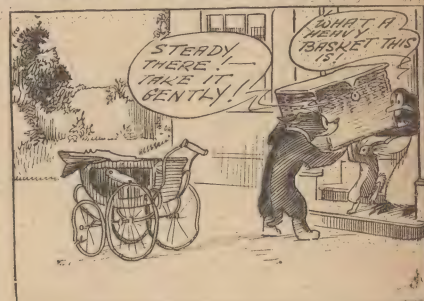
No. 94.—PETS AS PORTERS, OR WHY ANGELINE MISSED HER SEASIDE TRAIN.



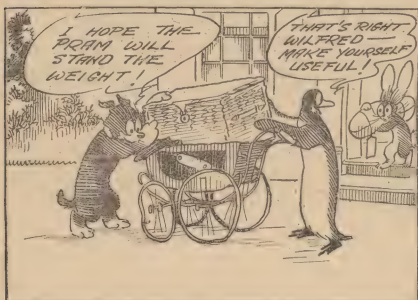
1. Angeline, off for a holiday, asked the pets to take her luggage to the station.



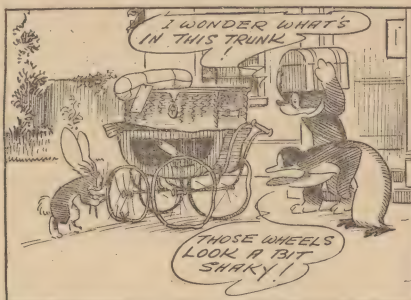
2. Of course, Pip and Squeak were delighted to act as "porters." There was a lot of luggage—



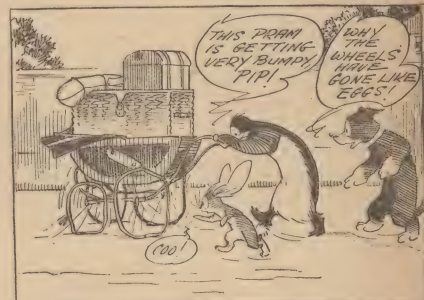
3. —so they decided to take it to the station on a "carriage"—a very ancient perambulator.



4. "I hope the 'pram' will bear all this luggage," said Pip. "The wheels look rather shaky."



5. Clever little Wilfred thought he would try and "mend" the wheels with pieces of string!



6. At last all the luggage was "aboard," and off they went on the way to the station.



7. But, alas, the wheels of the "pram" suddenly gave way, and all the luggage fell in the street!



8. A nice pickle they were in! Angeline's best hat, clothes and other articles in the mud!



9. Poor Angeline was very upset, but all ended well—she did catch the next seaside train!

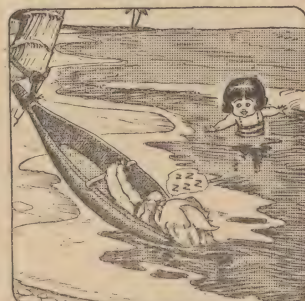
BIG-TOE AND PEARLY-TOOTH, THE PREHISTORIC CHILDREN.



1. Big-toe was feeling lazy, so he decided to have a little nap in the canoe.



2. He tied one end to a tree trunk, and was soon in the land of Nod.



3. Unfortunately, the tide was going out, and the boat got lower and lower until—



4. —Big-toe fell out into the water! How Pearly-tooth laughed at him!

A BUCKET AND TWO OLD FOTTLES



A BUSY WEEK.

How Mrs. Snail Spends Her Days.

A busy dame is Mrs. Snail. Who lives at Lettuce View. And every day, her neighbours say, She has some work to do. On Monday, even when it rains (She'll wait until it stops), She toddles down to Limes Town To call at all the shops. On Tuesday—don't you think she's good?— She sees the sick and needy, And chats to flies with feeble eyes, And spiders who are seedy.



Mrs. Snail is "at home" on Thursdays and Fridays.

A mothers' meeting—Wednesday noon. The scandal you might hear! A certain dame (I'll name no name) Delights in it, I fear! On Thursday and on Friday she's "at home" to all the town; At half-past three she sips her tea Attired in her best gown. And Saturday is washing day, When Mrs. Snail is seen Beside her tub—she'll scrub and scrub. To make her linen clean. So Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, too, And Saturday, her neighbours say, She has some work to do. J. F.

Why did the cat scowl?—Because it saw the kitchen sink.



Daily Mirror Office, Saturday, July 28, 1923.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—In their great seaside tour which, as you know, starts at Scarborough on Monday next, the pets pass a number of places round the coast which have greatly aroused their curiosity. For instance, towards the end of the week, they will be quite near that queer-sounding place, The Wash. Just like many of you, Squeak is greatly puzzled by The Wash; does it mean that large numbers of people do their washing there or that you can get an extra nice bath, or what? "It sounds a nice clean place, anyway," said Squeak. "I hope we shall spend a long time at The Wash."

"HEADS" AND "BILLS."

Then there are numbers of "Heads" to be passed on the way. There is Beachy Head, St. Catherine's Head (in the Isle of Wight), St. Alban's Head and others.

"What does a head mean, uncle?" asked Pip. "Is it a real head like yours? Is it very big?" "It means," I explained, "a sort of—a sort of—well, a piece of coast sticking out in the sea." The pets will go quite near Portland Bill, and, of course, Squeak wanted to know what Bill meant. "It's like a head, only thinner," I said. "Just like your own bill, in fact, Squeak. Now, run away and play—I can't answer any more questions."

Perhaps you will see the pets yourself next week. They would be very pleased if you explained the meanings of some of these terms to them—perhaps you can do it better than I!

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.

PUZZLE DOGS.

Solve Them And Win A Prize.

EACH of the little pictures you see below represents the name of some breed of dog. Just to help you, I will tell you that No. 2 is Pug. Now can you puzzle out the others?

When you have solved them all, write the names neatly on a card and send it, with your name, age and address, to Uncle Dick (Dogs), "Pip



and Squeak," care of The Daily Mirror, 23, Boulevard-street, London, E.C. 4.

For the correct and neatest solutions I am awarding the following splendid prizes—

First Prize	£2 10 0
Second Prize	1 10 0
Third Prize	1 0 0
Forty Prizes of	0 5 0
Forty Prizes of	0 2 6

Only children under sixteen may enter for this competition, the closing date of which is August 4.

Now is the time when a little pocket-money will come in very useful. A cheque for £2 10s. would brighten up your holidays, wouldn't it?

ADVENTURES OF HELPFUL HORACE:

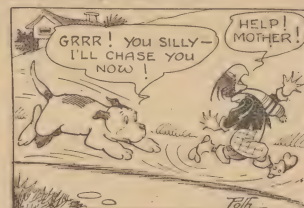
Poor Horace did as he was told—but he got into trouble!



1. The pup asked Horace to watch a rat-hole for him for a few minutes.



2. Horace watched quite well—but unfortunately he let the rat go.



3. Then the doggie was quite angry with him, and chased poor Horace away!

NEW SERIAL STARTS NEXT WEEK.



BY CYNTHIA GORDON.

"LISTENING-IN" TO PARIS.

IT was three days later. Morgan had been arrested and taken to the police station; Professor Pigeon was now quite well again, and the three children had begged for an explanation of the mystery of the little green door. "Very well," the Professor said, "come to the laboratory at ten o'clock to-night. You know how to open the door," he added, with a twinkle.

That night the children eagerly spelt out the key-word, "Noegip," by pressing the buttons, and the little green door swung slowly open again. Creeping into the secret laboratory they found the Professor before the wireless set. "Come and sit down," he said pleasantly. "Now you want to hear all about everything. Well, you know what this is?" he went on, tapping the wireless set.

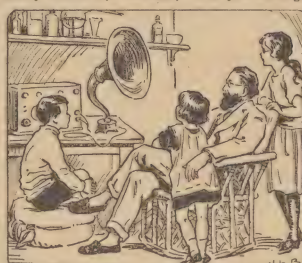
"It's a wireless fling," said Babs. "Exactly. Now some time ago a big firm asked me to experiment with wireless, and see if I could find a means of instantly getting into touch with somebody, say, in France, and getting them to talk with me just as if we were both on the telephone."

"I knew a lot about wireless, and had discovered one or two things which I wanted to try out. So I was very pleased when I discovered that there was a secret chamber in this house. It is a very old house, and this room and the little green door must have been made years ago. At any rate, I decided to turn it into a chemical laboratory where I could work without being interrupted, and I fixed up an arrangement in the door, so that it would open only when someone pressed the buttons which

spelt the word 'Noegip.' You know all about that?"

"Yes, go on," said Paul breathlessly. "Well, I continued with my experiments. That was why I was always disappearing. At last I succeeded, and now I am almost sure of finding anyone in a foreign country, and carrying on a conversation with him by wireless—provided, of course, he has a wireless set too. I can't explain it all to you, as you would never understand it."

"Unfortunately, this man Morgan heard about my discovery, and determined to learn the secret before I made it known to the public." The Professor paused and smiled. "Well, he nearly found it," he said, "but you managed



"Hullo, children!" cried their father's voice.

to baffle him, Paul. The secret of my invention is locked up in there," and he tapped the little cabinet which Paul had saved from Morgan's clutches.

"And can you really talk to people abroad?" asked Pamela.

"Yes, my dear. Of course, I haven't yet quite perfected it, and sometimes we are interrupted." "Could—could you talk to Mum and Dad? They are in Paris," said Paul.

The Professor rose and began to fix a loud-speaker megaphone—like a gramophone trumpet—on the table. "That is just what we are going to do," he said. "If we are lucky, we shall soon be speaking to your parents."

The children watched him eagerly as he fumbled with the wireless apparatus, pressing buttons and moving levers. At last he "found" Paris, and, standing up in front of a big blanket hung on the wall, he began to speak.

After a few minutes he sat down again and said: "Listen. Your daddy is going to speak."

Then from the big trumpet on the table came a familiar voice: "Hullo, children! How are you all getting on?"

"Dad!" they all screamed. "We're getting on fine, thanks!" cried Pamela.

"Don't all speak at once!" laughed the Professor. "Listen. They were silent again, and the voice went on: "I hope you are all behaving yourselves. Mind you don't give the Professor too much trouble, or when I came back—etc., etc." "Why, he's giving us a proper old lecture!" whispered Paul.

When Mr. Merry had finished speaking, the children's mother talked to them for some time. How wonderful it seemed! Their mother and father were speaking to them all the way from Paris, and they could hear every word!

Suddenly, however, in the midst of the conversation, there was a number of "clicks" and "clacks," and the voices trailed off.

"There, we have lost them. You see, I am not quite perfect yet," said the Professor, with a sigh. "But soon I shall master it. And if it hadn't been for your pluck and daring, kiddies, that man Morgan would have learnt my secret! I've got a lot to thank you for."

"You've got to talk the Little Green Door!" said Paul, and, thinking it all over, the Professor had to agree.

THE END.

(Look out next Saturday for the first installment of a grand new school serial, "When Scorchers Ran Away," by Richard Barnes. It is a story you will all love.)

CHARLIE AND CYRIL JOIN THE SCOUTS



WHEN HEARTS ARE TRUE

By
VALENTINE



The old man sprang up from his chair, but reached the door before him. "Stop it, firmly; you've made one blinkin' mistake, no more!"

Robbins was quicker old fellow!" he said and you ain't makin' no more!"

NEW READERS BEGIN HERE.

JOHN SMITH, a clean-living, wholesome young Englishman, is running a curio shop for a comrade injured in the war, when one day he is able to save a pretty girl from a taxi-cab accident. She proves to be Peggy Chelsfield, only daughter of Dr. Chelsfield, a kindly man, who thanks John Smith warmly for his services.

Reginald Sturry, heir to a baronetcy, is a frequent visitor to the Chelsfields. He is jealous when he sees the rippling intimacy between Smith and Peggy, and, proposing to Peggy, is refused. A remark let fall by Peggy's uncle, Sir Martin Wyvold, K.C., suggests the existence of something creditable in John Smith's past, and Sturry cunningly makes inquiries and gets on the track of the truth.

John's aunts, Mary and Rebecca Tuxon, have brought him up in complete ignorance of the fact that he is the son of John Farman-Smith, who received seven years' penal servitude for fraud eighteen years ago and disappeared after his release. He is at his aunts' house when his father unexpectedly returns. The old ladies persuade John's father to keep his identity a secret, and are dismayed when John takes a liking to him and gives him employment in his shop.

In a quarrel with Sturry, John learns that his father was responsible for Dr. Chelsfield's ruin in earlier years, and he cannot now ask Peggy to marry him, although he loves her desperately. He ceases to visit the house and Peggy is heartbroken. Sir Martin acquiesces in the secret, and gets them to promise to do nothing until a friend of his, Francis Eddington, has sifted the whole truth of the Farman-Smith fraud.

Eddington goes to Paris with Sturry for a holiday and makes some secret inquiries.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

JOHN SMITH had left the shop for the day, and old John Robertson and Jo Robbins were sitting in the former's room at the back, the old man with his books in front of him, Robbins smoking his pipe and humming quietly to himself.

"I'd been hoping to hear from Sir Martin ere this," said the old man presently. "From what he said when I was last with him—"

"Nix on hopes!" retorted the little Cockney, with a snuff. "No bloke wot 'as any sense ever 'as 'opes where the blinkin' law is concerned. Lawyers ain't allowed to 'urry, I reckon, even supposin' they wants to. They've got to live up to the 'abits' their blinkin' profession; and compared to them 'abits, molasses goin' uphill are like a streak of lightning!"

"Yes, I'm afraid you're right," assented the old man sadly. "We've got to wait. That's all we can do."

"Well, I ain't so blinkin' sure. Some folks sits down and waits, other folks gets up and kicks. I'm one of the kickin' sort. I've always ad a sort of fancy for doin' a bit in the detective line, and I'm not sure I won't start in now."

The old man smiled a little sadly.

"What can you do, Robbins, that hasn't already been done?" he queried.

"Can't say offhand," answered the other guardedly, "but two 'eads or a bunch of 'eads are always better than one. You ain't got a photo of that blinkin' partner o' yours, 'ave you?"

The old man shook his head.

"Sir Martin wanted one," he said, "but I couldn't give him one. I never saw one of him. He always had a rooted objection to being photographed."

"Good judge, too," he knew what 'e was about. "Uilo, there's the bell."

All the characters in this story are fictitious. Translation, dramatic and all other rights reserved.

"I'll go, Robbins," said the old man, getting up.

The man who had come into the shop was a dapper little grey-haired man, with twinkling eyes and a very brisk manner.

"Can I look at those two brass candlesticks you have in the window, my friend?" he asked.

"Certainly, sir." The old man took them out and handed them to him.

The stranger examined them carefully.

"H'm—good 'brass. Pretty old, eh?"

"Over a hundred and fifty years, sir."

"Really? How much?" Then: "I'll have them."

As the old man busied himself doing them up the newcomer drew out his pocket-book holding with it letters and papers. From it he took a bundle of notes, and it seemed, so busily was he concealing them, that he never saw a photo flutter out from among his papers and lie face upwards on the floor—a photo of a man about forty, an undeniably handsome, clean-shaven man.

"Here's your money," he said, as John Robertson came across to him. "Much obliged. Why, what the deuce is the matter, man?"

For John Robertson, his face gone deathly white, had sprung at the photograph, and with it clutched tightly in his trembling hands was staring at it with eyes that seemed almost to start out of his head.

"May I trouble you for that?" said the stranger with a certain hidden excitement.

The old man with an effort seemed to jerk himself back to life.

"This photo," he gasped, "it is—it is—"

"My cousin, Professor Heriton," said the other coolly, "since you seem so anxious to know."

"You swear that?" The old man's eagerness was pitiful to see.

The stranger frowned, and at that moment Robbins came in, gazing from one to the other inquiringly. The stranger turned on him.

"I don't know if this man's mad," he said, "but he's behaving as if he were. I happen to drop a photo of my cousin, Professor Heriton, out of my pocket-book, and he not only goes on in this amazing way, but he seems to doubt my word when I tell him who it is. I have not been in this shop before, but I shall take good care I don't come in again. Good evening."

He strode out angrily, slamming the door behind him, and for some minutes there was dead silence.

Old Robertson had sunk down on to a chair, trembling in every limb. Jo Robbins, perplexity on his face, laid his hand gently on his shoulder.

"I ain't a-goin' to blame you, daddy," he said, "cos I know 'o' high strang you is jest now. But it ain't wise nor perlitte, daddy, to go monkeyin' around with other folks' family portraits, wotever you thinks they looks like. If you'd a suggested friendly like to 'im that it reminded you of one of your family tree—"

The old man sprang up from his chair, but Robbins was quicker and reached the door before him, planting his back against it.

"Stop it, old fellow!" he said firmly. "Stop it! You've made one blinkin' mistake, and you ain't makin' no more. No, you ain't goin' out o' this shop, 'cos I'm your blinkin' boss and I say so!"

"You don't know what you've done—you don't know what you've done!" wailed the old man.

"Praps I don't," said Jo, humouring him, "but you're going to tell me. Now let's hear all about it."

"That photo," said the old man in a voice that trembled, "was one that I've been—searchin' for—for fifteen years. That photo—was the photo—of my partner—Harry Deemster."

Robbins gave a perceptible start. The note of certainty in the old man's voice was unmistakable. And yet—

"Look here, daddy," he urged, "you've got 'Arry Deemster on the blinkin' brain, that's what you've got. Think for a minute—'ow could it possibly be?"

"How can I tell you?" cried the old man fiercely. "I know it was. D'you think I've carried the memory of his face burnt into my brain for fifteen years without knowing it when I see it? That was Harry Deemster, I tell you, as I knew him fifteen years ago."

"But the bloke told you it was his cousin!"

"How do I know he was speaking the truth? If you hadn't stopped me I'd have followed him and never left him till he proved to me whose photo it really was."

"Yes, and been run in by the cops for molestin'! Nice game, that."

"I was 'o' thought of that. Oh, it's no use! I'm hemmed in on every side, whatever I do."

He tottered back to his room, while Robbins watched him with anxious eyes.

"I wonder if 'e was right," he muttered. "E couldn't 'ave been! It's against all common sense. The poor old chap's brain box is going, I'm afraid. That's wot it is."

A SIGNIFICANT MESSAGE.

ALL the same, it weighed on his mind so much that on the following day he went up to see Sir Martin Wyvold.

"Ope you'll pardon me comin' to see you, sir," he began, when he and the barrister were alone, "but somethin's 'appened, and I ain't sure—"

"No apologies needed, Robbins," replied the other, with a reassuring smile. "If you've got news for me that's more, I am afraid, than I have for you."

"Doubt if it's worth much, sir," said the other, "but I'd ad to come and tell you, in case."

Slowly and laboriously he ran over the events of the previous afternoon, while the K.C. listened, puzzled.

"I never made me mind up to come 'till an hour ago, sir," concluded the little man, "but Mr. Robertson 'as got it regular fixed in his mind, and from what I see, nothin' ain't got to shift it. I suppose 'e can't be right, can 'e?"

"Oh, it's possible," admitted the barrister, "but it's wildly improbable."

"Think for a moment of the mathematical odds against one man who happens to have a photograph of Deemster—if there is such a man—walking by accident into the one shop in London where Deemster's ex-convict partner happens to be working, and dropping, quite accidentally, a photograph of Deemster whilst he is paying his bill. Yet the one man who could have done it by design is, so far as I know, playing golf in France at this moment."

"I see, sir."

"I don't mind admitting that he is a friend of mine who is supposed to be digging into this case. But I'm sorry to say he has let me down over it and chooses to play golf instead. What time did you say he called on you yesterday?"

"Between half-past four and five, sir."

The barrister opened a letter.

"Listen to this," he said, "posted yesterday in Paris at four o'clock."

"I'm having a really top-hole time here. The golf courses are, on the whole, excellent and the weather delightful. I have decided to stay another fortnight."

He folded up the letter and tossed it contemptuously on the table.

"I'm afraid, Robbins," he said, "that our hopes now of finding Harry Deemster are very,

very small. And I only wish to Heaven I could tell you otherwise."

"Personally, sir," said the little man after a pause, "I ain't given up 'ope. If your friend won't find Harry Deemster I ain't prepared to let it go at that."

"Going to have a try yourself, Robbins?" asked the barrister with a smile.

"You may think it presumption on my part, sir," said the other, twining his cap a little shamefacedly, "but I loves the Cap'n, and I don't intend to take defeat lyin' down."

"Jolly good luck to you, Robbins. Anything I can do for you, I will."

"Thank you, sir."

As the door closed the barrister turned back with his work with a rather hard little laugh.

"Playing golf!" he muttered bitterly. "Playing golf! And never one word about the problem that is racking half a dozen lives!"

Sir John Sturry sat at his massive table in his luxuriously furnished office, opening his letters. For, though he kept two secretaries as well as his son, now a junior partner, none of them under any pretext whatever was ever allowed to handle a single letter till the baronet had seen it.

Opposite sat his son, only lately returned from France, a cigarette between his lips.

"Frank Eddington was awfully backed over you letting him have those shares, dad," he said presently.

Sir John was scanning a letter.

"Was he? You've got very friendly with him, haven't you?"

The son laughed.

"Yes, I have," he admitted, "though I didn't take him up in the first place for that."

"Not?"

"He was, it appears, a bit of a pal with Sir Martin Wyvold—you know, the big K.C."

A little frown came over the baronet's face.

"What's his bit on you, dad? You seem amixed over something."

"Do I, dear boy?" He looked up with a smile. "I wasn't aware of it. Go on."

"Well, Sir Martin and I kept the best of pals," said his son, "and as Frank rather took to me from the start it was a bit of a joy to cut the other chap out. And, between you and me, I've done it pretty thoroughly. You've never met Sir Martin, have you?"

He looked up sharply, hearing a half-stifled exclamation from his father. The baronet was sitting straight blankly at a small sheet of paper which he held in his hand, and his face had perceptibly paled.

"What's the matter, dad?" asked young Sturry. "Anything wrong?"

Another fine instalment on Monday.

"The Captured Sunshine in Her Hair..."

MASON PEARSON
a. Eng.
BRUSH

Brush Sunshine into your hair. That is the only way to possess hair such as has inspired painter and poet. Brush morning and night, and—brush with the **Mason Pearson Hair Brush**—and your tresses will inspire the poet that is in every man.

When first you use a **Mason Pearson Hair Brush** you experience a new thrill. As you pass it through your hair you feel it straightening out every little tangle with a caress as gentle as the kiss of the breeze. It refreshes and invigorates the scalp as it removes all dust and scurf. It gives you wonderful freshness.

And all this because the **Mason Pearson Hair Brush** is scientific all through. Its bristles are of pure Wild-Boar, set to penetrate through the most luxurious tresses, set in a flexible rubber cushion pad which moulds itself to the head as you use the brush.

Look for the Name on the Handle

for substitutes or often pressed upon you. Made in four grades—**Junior** 7/6, or with cleaner 8/6; **Popular** at 10/6; **Standard** at 15/-; **Extra** at 18/6. (Cleaner included with each of these) in a Carton with full instructions. Also in **"Military"** at 10/6, 15/-, and 18/6 each.

You can obtain from
Booksellers,
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Stores,
Timothy White's, and
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Chemists, or direct
(post free) from—
Mason Pearson
Selling Agency,
61, New Oxford
St., London, W.C.1.

MASON PEARSON

— London — England

Bridge, where Yorkshire meet Notts in a game which will in all probability determine the destination of this year's championship. The proceeds of the game are being set apart for the benefit of the Notts veteran Gates.

RACEHORSE TRAINER IN THE BOX.

Herbert Smyth Says Iron-ore Was a Nuisance.

"A GREAT RIDER."

(Continued from page 2.)

Were you reported to the Stewards of the Club?—I was.

Were you cautioned that it was not to occur again?—They gave me back my licence. I don't remember being cautioned.

Did you say you would obey their caution in future, and did they return your licence?—I always obeyed their caution.

Beary also admitted that when riding at Baldoyle on September 11, 1920, he was reported to the Stewards on a complaint that he was not riding a straight course.

She told her symptoms to a man she saw there and he then examined her with a mirror and an electrical instrument. "When he had finished," said Miss Bishop, "I asked 'Is it very bad?' and he said 'Your ears are very bad; you ought to have treatment at once.' She was told the fees would be £20.

LONDON MOVES OUT.

LONDON MOVES OUT.

Above arrived,		Adorna		Batho 6 7 5	
4.0-HENRY VIII STAKES.					
Virius	Dundas	8 5	Golden West	Pickering	8 5
Merry Maiden	C. Bewicke	8 5	Devonshire	T. Cannon	8 5
New Hope	R. Daw	8 5	Klondyke	Perse	8 5
Airwoman	F. Hartigan	8 2	Rossmore	R. Day	8 5
Above arrived,		On the Somme		Perse	8 2
Druid's Orb	S. Darling	9 8	Camp Fire	D. Waugh	8 2
Castor Bridge	C. Bewicke	9 8	Tunis	Taylor	8 2
Vivid C.	W. Nightingall	8 10	Tzicane	S. Darling	8 2

13,000 Persons Quit Every Year— Rush to Outer Zone.

The population of the Central London boroughs is decreasing at the rate of 13,000 a year, owing to migration to the outer zone.

Seagant Girl	Morris	7	Tarantula	Lambton	8	2
Servius	J. Dawdon	6	Eleanor M. L.	Lambton	6	2	2
Shelton	R. Day	7	Edith	Pharposhan	8	2
Lambton	Perse	8	Ozone	Pharposhan	8	2
List e	2	Maintop	C Marsh	8	2
Shelton	R. Day	7	Chime	F. D. Marsh	8	2
Bliss	F. D. Marsh	8	Polin	DeMestre	8	2
Corlebo	Lowe	8	Phil	DeMestre	8	2
Burnt Heather	Gooch	8	Phyllis	DeMestre	8	2
Countess	Gooch	8	M'rs O'vrd ne R.M.	r h	8	2	2
Counter-Teir	Gooch	8	Royal Crescent	Gilpin	8	2
Falling Star	C. Platt	8	Piercing	8	2
Frank Canyon	2	True Note	H.S. 8	2	2
Felix	Whitaker	8	Love Letter H.	Gilpin	8	2
Major Marjorie C.	H.S. r l	2	Ch. rine de l'Est	Gilpin	8	2	2
Cassette C.	Whitaker	8	Satie	F. Hartigan	8	2
Orchard	Ward	8	Moosme	Cottrell	8	2
Rhetor	W. Waugh	6					

This interesting fact is explained in a report on the 1921 census figures for the county of London in their bearing on the question of housing conditions, prepared by Mr. Frank Hunt, valuer to the London County Council.

The final figures of population are: London 4,584,523; Outer London, 2,935,678; Greater London, 7,480,201.

TO-DAY'S BROADCASTING

20-EARLSFIELD PLACE, 320 oosh, 5L	
Pavilion, S. Darling	8 9
Dedication - Wilmot	8 9
Marcomet, E. Mott	6 7
W. Mott	16
D'ble Blm. Easter-bed	7 9
Have arrived:	
W. Mott	5 11
Linby - Beatty	4 11
D'ble-Court Wootton	5 8
W. Mott	8 9
W. Mott	8 9
Orderly - Rintoul	5 8
Phat - DeMoad	8 1
W. Mott	8 9
Red Crest - L. Ender	7 13
King Throatsle	16 4
W. Mott	8 9
Uyma Fing - G. Rood	7 11
W. Mott	8 9
Golden Mesh-Butters	7 9
Witty - R. Day	7 8
Lenfield - R. Day	7 8
W. Mott	8 9
Trema - Cunniffe	4 7
Potential - Platt	3 7
W. Mott	8 9
P. Square-M. H. U. g. 13	8 9
Baytol - Barclay	4 7
Wootton - Platt	3 7
W. Mott	8 9
Tr. M. D. White	7 8
Perahra - F. D. H. g. 13	7 8
W. Mott	8 9
N. Larina - S. A. H. g. 13	7 8
W. Mott	8 9
Barclay - Wallis	6 7
W. Mott	8 9
Excell - Ber-Siemann	7 8

NMRFRGBK.

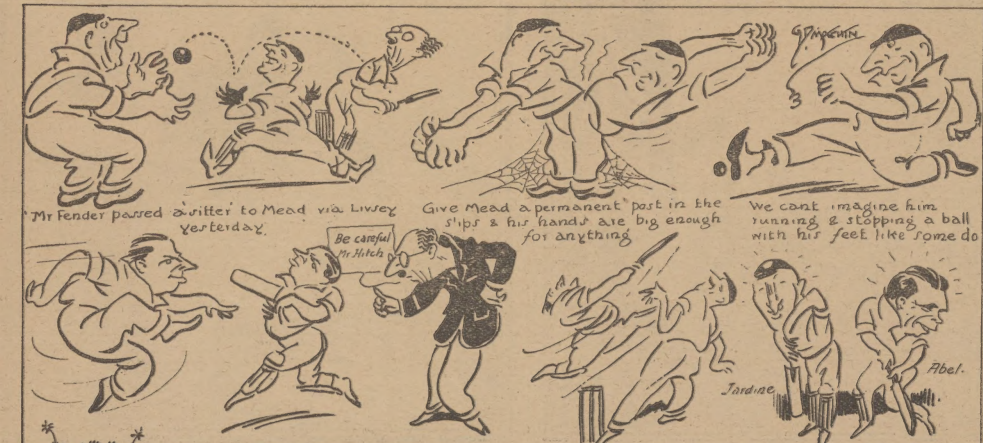
LONDON 363 met.—11.30. Miss Elizabeth Henson (soprano), 5.30 women's talk; 6 children's stories and news; 7, news; 7.15, talk, Captain H. C. Baird, "More Comfort for Invalid Soldiers"; S. dance band; Miss Esther Ambrose (contralto), 8.15, "More Comfort for Invalid Soldiers"; Miss Ambrose; 9, talk, Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., "More War," dance band; Mr. Mead, dance band; 9.15, "More War," dance band; 9.30, "More War," dance band; 9.45, "More War," dance band; 10, recital, Eolian Hall (Mr. F. Armstrong), Miss Marguerite Davis (soprano), Mr. Glyn Eastman (bass), organ solo; Miss Davis, Mr. Eastman, organ solo; 10.15, "More War," dance band; 10.30, "More War," dance band; 10.45, "More War," dance band; 11, Trio; 5.30, women's talk; 6, children's talk; 7.30, Pipers Band and Battalion King's Own Scottish Borderers; Miss Nellie Demetree (soprano); S. news; 8.15, "More War," dance band; 8.30, "More War," dance band; 8.45, "More War," dance band; 9, Keeping (Mr. C. C. Hopkins); 9.15, Mr. James Howell (baritone); 9.30, Miss Edith James (soprano); 9.45, "More War," dance band; 10, recital (cellist); 10, men's talk; 10.10, Mr. Percy Owen

CARDIFF (353 metres).—3.30, Capitol Cinema Orchestra; 5.30, women's talk; 6, children's talk; 7

HOW SURREY F

CARDIFF (353 metres).—3.30, Capitol Cinema Orchestra; 5.30, women's talk; 6, children's talk; 7, Cymer Colliery Military Band; 7.15, Mr. Sam Lucas (baritone); 7.25, band; 7.50, news; 8.31, band; 8.45, Mr. Lucas; 8.55, band; 9.10, chat, "Exercises for the Runy Man" (Mr. W. Pittard); 9.20, band.

HOW SURREY FARED IN BRACING BOURNEMOUTH AIR.



The bounding Hitch whose legs responded so well to the bracing Bournemouth air on Thursday was cautioned but let his arms go wild yesterday when tempted by Capt Jameson. After all its headwork that matters & that where Surrey scored.

Mead's hands were very useful in the slips—little slipped past them—at Eournemouth yesterday, and they soon dismissed the redoubtable Fender at unlucky thirteen. Jardine put-up 127 before he was caught-by Mead again.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

By Our City Editor. THE CITY, Friday.

Markets were generally good in tone to-day under lead of the gilt-edged group, War Loan being 100 15-16, Conversions 78 1/2, Victories 92, and Irish 93 1/2. Metals were again good in tone, but not so much in price. Copper to-day was 49.00,000, at which they closed "sellers." Francs were firmer: French 77.55.

Brochers 46 1/2. C. A. Taboatas 61.50. Marconia were easier 2.5-16 bid. E. Courtoises favoured 99.50. Amalgamated Press were easier 48.50, but other newspaper shares better: Mirrors 61-16, Sunday Pictorials 24.

Pets at Scarborough On Monday.

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

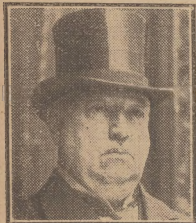


Pip, Squeak and Wilfred start—



—on their seaside tour next week.

TO-DAY'S NEWS PORTRAITS



Sir Charles Wilson, who has held Central Leeds for the Conservatives by 1,736 majority over the Labour candidate, Mr. H. H. Slessor. The Liberal polled only 3,626.



Miss Kathleen Dodd, Mayor's of Lewisham, and the Mayor's niece, to be married to-day to Mr. F. W. Haynes. She attended the royal garden party.

THE TETRARCH'S HALF-SISTER BEATEN AT HURST PARK



Teheran (the grey), a half-sister of the Tetrach, beaten by Beresford at Hurst Park yesterday.



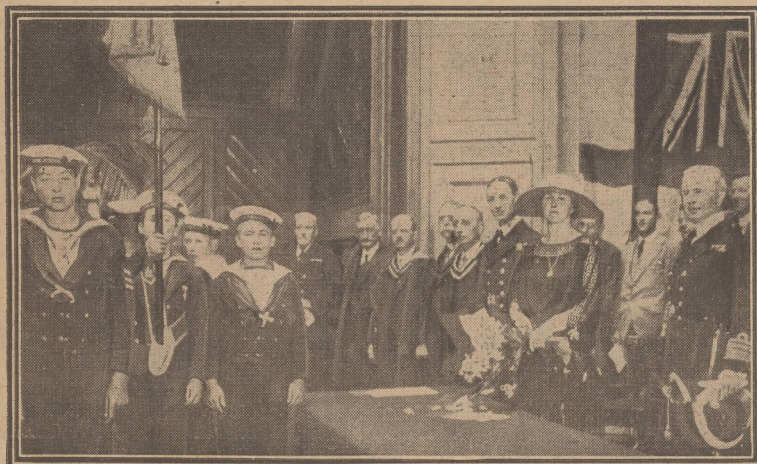
£1,000 DIVORCE DAMAGES.—Mr. Roland Bentley (left), granted yesterday a divorce from his wife and £1,000 damages, although only £600 had been agreed. The co-respondent, Mr. Albert Pemberton, had conducted a religious mission, it was stated.



A "FEATURET."—Miss Catherine Hawley in a scene from "The Syren," one of the one-reel films, styled Featurets, produced by Mr. Dudley Murphy.



W. McLachlan (right), and his son, W. McLachlan, who both rode yesterday in the Vyner Handicap at Hurst Park.



BANNER FOR BRILLIANCE.—Lady Nicholson, wife of Admiral Sir Douglas Nicholson, about to present yesterday a banner (left) to the class at the Royal Naval School, Greenwich, which scored the highest number of marks in an examination. (Daily Mirror photograph.)



THE WHITE ORDEAL.—Trying to extract with the teeth a carrot from a box of flour—an uninviting if amusing "obstacle" during a race at Marlborough Club sports.